The adult illustrated fantasy magazine
March 1979
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Produced by Lew Futterman, Cliff Davies and Tom Werman for the Next City Corporation. Direction: David Krebs and Steve Leber for Leber Krebs, Inc.

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Back cover, Stargazer, by **Robert Morello**

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Illustrations by Stephen Fabian from the new Gordon Eklund novella *The Twilight River*, published this month in *Binary Star, #2* (Dell Publishing, New York).

Illustrations copyright © 1978, by Stephen Fabian

When all twelve moonchunks showed clearly visible, Sam began to regard Reardon intently. Reardon's head lolled against his left shoulder; he might have been sleeping.

The first thing Sam noticed was the hair. Great gray clumps of it began to sprout on Reardon's face. Reardon's mouth formed a narrow crease filled with sharp fangs. His nose was a flat black snout. Deep in his throat he began to growl.

Then he lunged...

CALIFORNIA
The Golden State
Capital Sacramento
Flower Golden Poppy
Bird Valley Quail
Tree Redwood
Motto "Eureka, I have found it."
12-28-78
And another thing...
POST CARD
Heavy Metal Magazine
635 Madison Avenue
New York City 10022
But what would an issue of Heavy Metal be without an apology?! This month we'd like to send a real big, "Hey, we're sorry!" to Jay Dreiman who carelessly went unmentioned as the photographer of Hilling's January cover sculpture.
-J.S.
Bummer!
*-Los Angeles dialect

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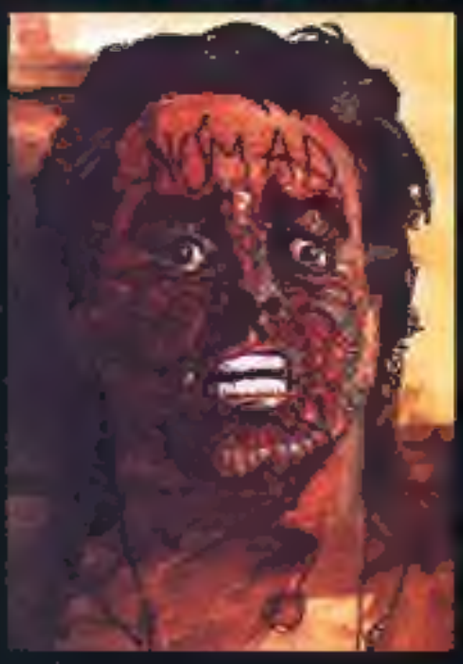
A MAJOR EVENT IN ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE FICTION

THE STARS MY DESTINATION

Alfred Bester's Incredible SF Adventure Adapted by Howard Chaykin & Byron Preiss



The Science Fiction Epic by Alfred Bester—An Incredible, Full-color Graphic Story Adaptation Illustrated by Howard Chaykin

For twenty years there has been one science fiction novel that fantasy illustrators around the world have wanted to draw—a novel so visual, so sweeping in its drama and characterizations, that it cried out for the graphic story form.

Now the wait is over—the illustrated Stars is here—an incredible tale of sf and suspense—of Gully Foyle, 3rd Class Mate on a shattered starship, who becomes the most famous, most dangerous and most incredible man of the 25th century.

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Stars is an epic—a two-volume set weighing over two pounds, limited to strictly 3000 signed hard-cover copies with a special tipped-in color plate.

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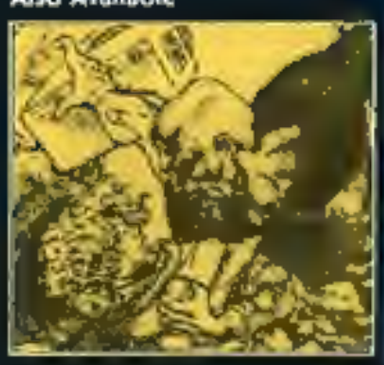

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HIGHWAY IMPORTS

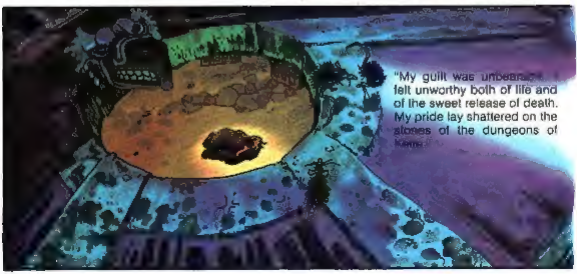
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad in the Land of the Finn
For weeks I did as I was told and recounted my adventures to him . . . with careful editing, of course. He refused to answer my questions, speaking only to flatter my wit or to relate some event from Ketra's "glorious" past.

© 1978 Richard Corben and Jan Strnad

"And my sleep was haunted by visions of myself—accursed of Allah—tormented and taunted by demons, a slave to my own selfish nature."

"I saw little of Akissa. We met only by chance, and then she seemed bitter and resentful . . . and why not? I'd failed her as I'd failed everyone else."

"My friends were imprisoned or worse. Others had been killed. And I was no nearer than ever to finding my wife . . . taken captive while I chased a whore through the alleys of Baghdad!"


"My guilt was unbearable. I felt unworthy both of life and of the sweet release of death. My pride lay shattered on the stones of the dungeons of Kerim."

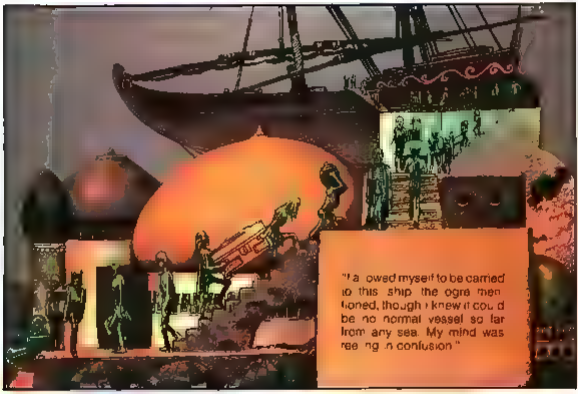
This self-abhorrence led me further and further from my assigned chambers and halls. I ventured recklessly into many forbidden, dangerous areas.

ame upon the deadliest doom of all!
Gold jewels a vast treasure but not uncommon as treasures go This ogre may be more ordinary than I'd supposed!

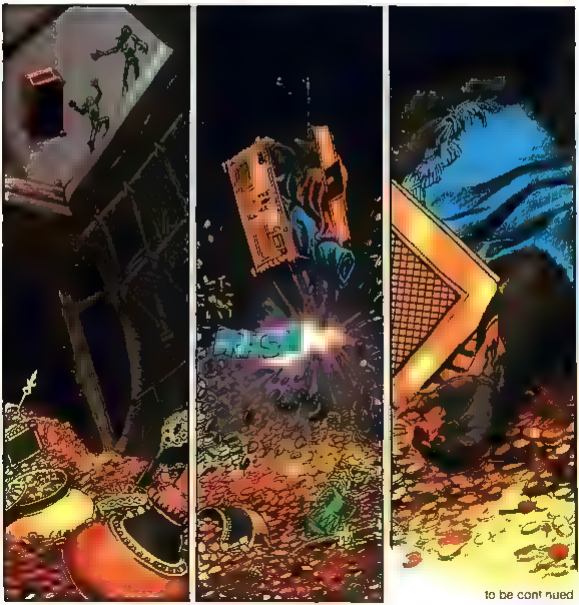
This is the last treasure vault As soon as this is loaded on the ship we sail
You're slow as a tortoise Al and for the same reason you carry your home with you It's no way to live
And you are like the fly Al Raad flitting from place to place You're too easily moved too impatient
Al Raad at last!
Perhaps so But still I tell you this game you're playing with Sindbad is a bad one You should have killed him at once
Tonight Al Raad promise you a succulent stew of Sindbad's meat But until then

h s stories have amused me and he thinks I want him a ve! Don t worry!
me not h s death
I've starved and th rsted him led him to battle with man and beast, and **still** he lives! If not for that foo astrologer's warn ng I d have slain him **months** ago!
Then my entire journey nothing but an elaborate trap And I've nearly bedded the demon who would see me dead

Load the treasure on the ship
And let the cook to begin a stew—I'll bring the meat myself

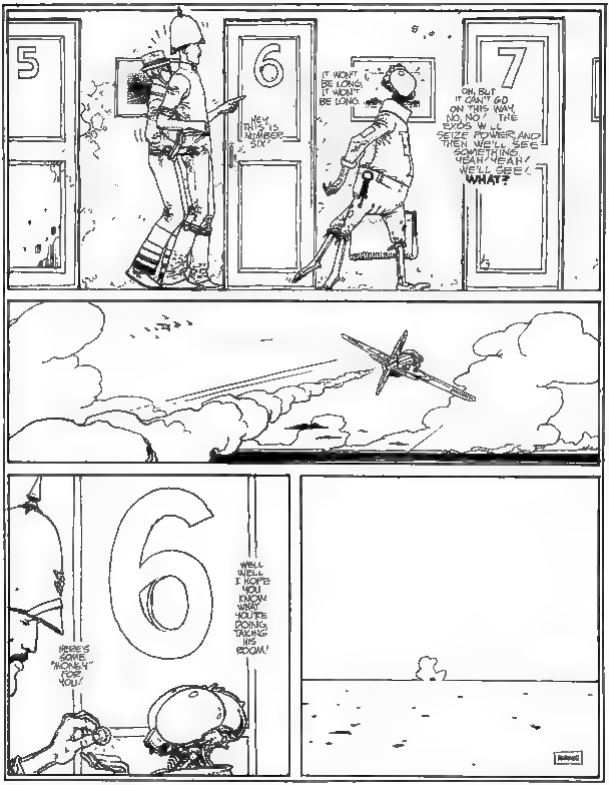

"I allowed myself to be carried to this ship, the ogre men stoned, though I knew it could be no normal vessel so far from any sea. My mind was reeling in confusion."

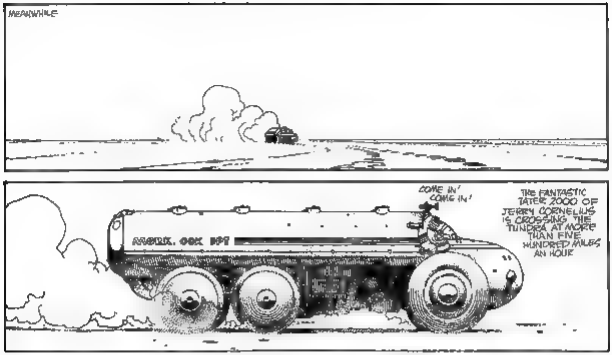
"Akissa . . . another form of the jinni Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif! My pilgrimage . . . just a ruse to lure me into death! For all I knew, there was no 'King of Kings of the Jinn', no Zu'l Janahayn al all! And my wife, Zulaykha—would I ever be with her again?"

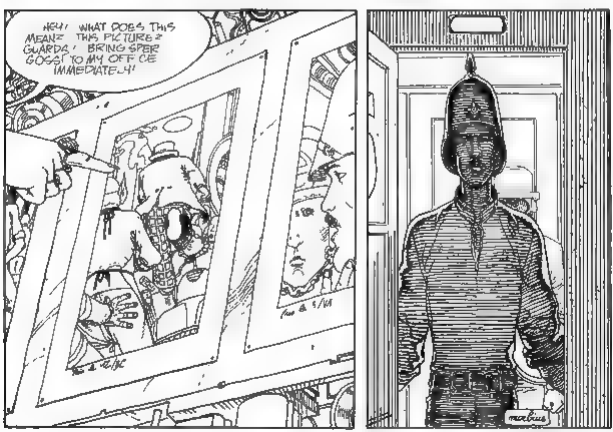


to be continued

THE
OUR STORY SO FAR
JERRY CORNELIUS HAD A GARAGE THAT HELD ALL HIS VEHICLES BUT BUT THE GARAGE WAS AIRTIGHT! ALAS!
THE OUTLANDER TO MURDER
JUST A SECOND LET ME FINISH READING THE END OF THIS CHAPTER WHICH IS PARTICULARLY WELL DONE
LATER, IN THE CORRIDOR
YEAH, YEAH THEY EXPLOIT
JUST PASSING THROUGH
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

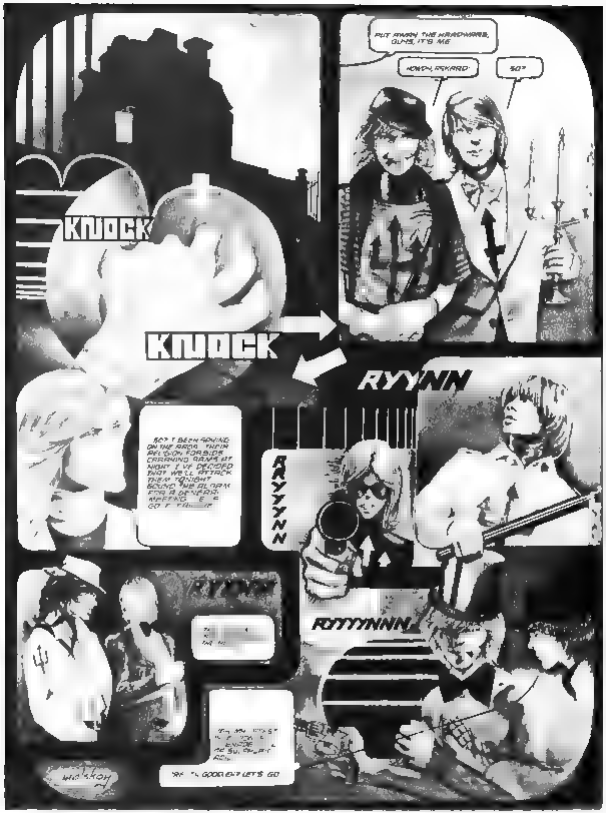

5
6
7
HEY THIS IS NUMBER SIX!
IT WON'T BE LONG. IT WON'T BE LONG.
OH, BUT IT CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY. NO, NO! THE EXOS WILL SEIZE POWER! AND THEN WE'LL SEE SOMETHING! YEAH! YEAH! WE'LL SEE! WHAT?
6
HERE'S SOME "MONEY" FOR YOU!
WELL WELL! I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, TAKING HIS BOOM!
Rotwell


MEANWHILE
ARRRRR. OOK BSF
COME IN! COME IN!
THE FANTASTIC TATER 2000 OF JERRY CORNELIUS IS CROSSING THE TUNDRA AT ALMOST THAN FIVE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR



TO BE CONTINUED

ROSTOKSKOV



PUT AWAY THE HARDWARE, GUYS, IT'S ME
HOWDY, ASKARD
SO?
KNOCK
KNOCK
SO? I BEEN SPYING ON THE ARDA. THEIR RELIGION FORBIDS CARRYING ARMS AT NIGHT. I'VE DECIDED THAT WE'LL ATTACK THEM TONIGHT. SOUND THE ALARM FOR A GENERAL MEETING [illegible] GO [illegible]
RYYNN
RYYYNN
RYYYNNN
[illegible] GOOD EH? LET'S GO

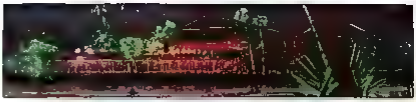
WELL OLD BUDDIES, AT LAST THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO BLAST THE GANGLIONS OF THESE BASTARDS!
RRRRRRR

GASP!

KIKI!
SON!
makoy

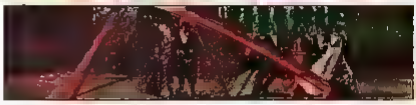
THE UNKNOWNS ARE TIRED BUT HAPPY. THE KROS UNIT VANQUISHED THE UN-KNOWNS COMPLETELY, DESTROYED THEM.
WE ARE TIRED BUT HAPPY. THE KROS ARE VERY USEFUL. WE HAVE GOT PLUTEIN DESTROYED THEM.
TRUE. WE AMBUSHED THEM IN A TREACHEROUS MANNER, BUT IT WAS A REAL BATTLE.
FIN

This was a time of high adventure, rich living and hard dying

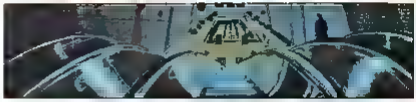


but nobody thought so.

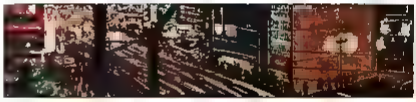
This was a future of fortune, culture and vice



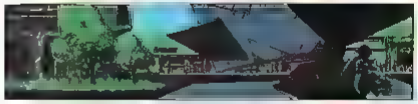
but nobody admitted it



This was an age of extremes, a fascinating century of freaks



but nobody loved it



Three planets and eight satellites and eleven billion people swarmed in one of the most exciting ages ever known.

Yet minds still yearned for other times as always.

The solar system seethed with activity learning new technologies that spewed forth almost before the old had been mastered, girding itself for the first exploration of the stars, but

"Where are the new frontiers?" the Romantics cried, unaware that the frontier of the mind had been opened in a laboratory on Callisto at the turn of the 24th century

ALFRED BESTER'S

THE STARS MY DESTINATION

A researcher named Jaunte set fire to his bench and himself (accidently) and let out a yell for a particular fire extinguisher. Who was as surprised as Jaunte when he found himself standing next to that same extinguisher, 70 feet from his lab bench.

They investigated Jaunte savagely. Teleportation — transportation through space by an effort of the mind had long been a theoretical concept, but this was the first time it had ever taken place before professional observers.

Twelve psychologists and neurometrists sealed Jaunte into an unbreakable crystal tank and let Jaunte watch as they smashed the handle of a valve feeding water into the tank. They reasoned if it had required the threat of death to goad Jaunte into teleporting in the first place, then they'd damn well threaten him with death again. Observers collected data with the tense precision of an eclipse camera crew.

He teleported again.

The experts examined and questioned him. On the technical grapevine, they sent out a call for suicide volunteers. They briefed them thoroughly. Then they proceeded to murder the volunteers. Eighty percent died and the agonies and remorse of their murderers would make a fascinating and horrible study, but that has no place in history except to highlight the monstrosity of the times. Eighty percent of the volunteers died but 20 per cent jaunted. The name became a word almost immediately

The body of knowledge grew rapidly. By the first decade of the 24th century the principles of jaunting were established. The primitive days were past. It was no longer necessary to threaten a man with death to make him teleport. They had learned how to teach a man to recognize, discipline, and exploit yet another resource of his mind.

How exactly did a man teleport? An unsatisfactory explanation was provided by Thompson, a publicity representative of the Jaunte Schools in a press interview.

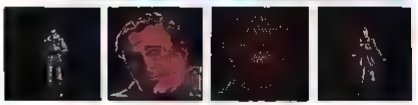
Thompson: Jaunting is like seeing—a natural aptitude of almost every human being, but it can only be developed by training and experience.

Reporter: You mean we can think ourselves from New York to Los Angeles?

Thompson: Precisely, provided the person jaunting knows exactly where he is when he starts and where he's going.

Reporter: How's that?

Thompson: If you were in a dark room and unaware of where you were, it would be impossible to jaunte with safety. A person cannot jaunte from an unknown departure point to an unknown destination. Both must be known.



Any man was capable of jaunting provided he could visualize and concentrate. He had to see it completely and precisely and had to concentrate latent energy of his mind into a single thrust to get him there. Above all he had to have faith. He had to believe he would jaunte. The slightest doubt would block the mind thrust necessary for teleportation.

Space set the final limitation. No man had ever jumped further than a thousand miles. He could work his way in jaunts from Nome to Mexico, but no jump could exceed 1000 miles

The old Department of Motor Vehicles took over the new job of testing and classifying jaunte applicants. The old Automobile Club of America changed its name to the A.J.A.

Despite all efforts, no man had jaunted across space. Helmut Grant spent a month memorizing the co-ordinates of a jaunte stage on the moon. He jumped and they never found him.

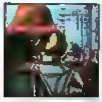
Within three generations, three planets and eight satellites were on the jaunte. Economic structures crashed and new laws were enacted to meet the needs of mass jaunting.

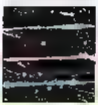
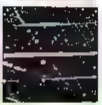
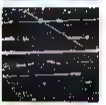
There were land riots as jaunting poor deserted the slums for plains and forests.

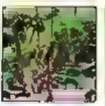
There was a revolution in office building—devices were introduced to prevent unlawful jaunting.

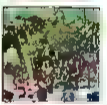
There were strikes as old industries adapted to the jaunting revolution. There was economic chaos as vagrant jaunters took disease to defenseless countries.

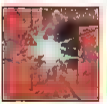
The Japanese beetle and chestnut blight spread to different territories. The worst sort of Victorian prudery returned as a moral response to the dangers of jaunting.

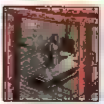


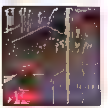




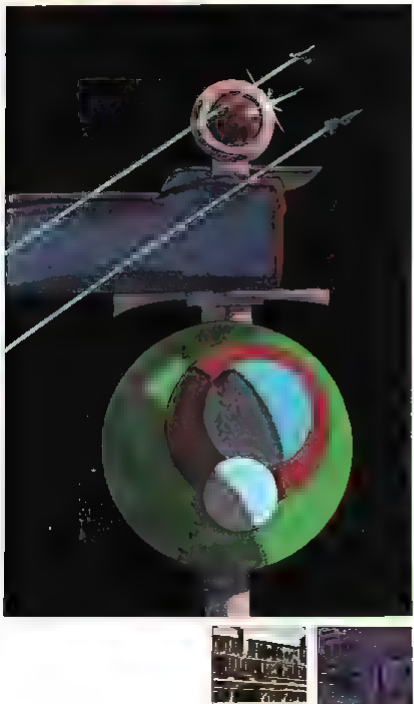






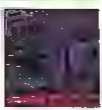






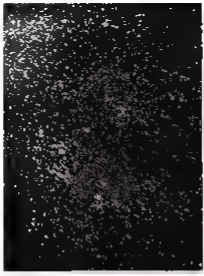
A cruel and vicious war broke out as a result of the political and economic pressures of teleportation. Until the Jaunte Age, the three inner Planets—Venus, Terra and Mars—had lived in delicate economic balance with the seven inhabited Outer Satellites—Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto of Jupiter, Rhea and Titan of Saturn, and Lassell of Neptune. The United Outer Satellites supplied raw materials for the Inner Planets's factories and a market for finished goods. Within a decade this balance was upset by jaunting.

With trade exchange disrupted, economic war threatened to denigrate into a shooting war. Inner Planets scarcely refused to ship manufacturing equipment to the Outer Satellites, as a protective move against competition the Outer Satellites confiscated the planets already in operation on their worlds, broke patent agreements, ignored royalty obligations and war was next.



It was an age of freaks, monsters, and grotesques. All the world was misshapen in marvelous and malevolent ways. The Classicists and Romantics who despised it were blind to the cold fact that progress stems from the clashing merger of antagonistic extremes. Classicists and Romantics alike were unaware that the Solar System was on the verge of a human explosion.

It is against this seething background that the history of Gulliver Foyle begins.



He was one hundred and seventy days dying and not yet dead. He fought for survival with the passion of a beast in a trap. He was delirious and rotting but occasionally his mind emerged from the burning nightmare of survival into something resembling sanity. Then he lifted his face and muttered, "What's a matter, me? Help. Help is all."

He had been raised in the gutter school of the 25th century and spoke nothing but the gutter tongue. Of all brutes in the world he was among the least valuable alive and most likely to survive. So he struggled and prayed, but occasionally his raveling mind leaped backward to his childhood and remembered a nursery jingle:

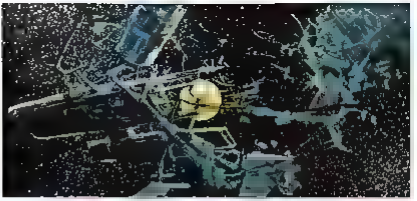
Gully Foyle is my name
And Terra is my nation
Deep space is my dwelling place
And death's my destination.

He was Gulliver Foyle.

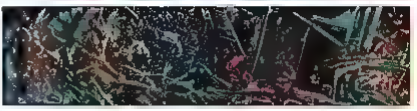
Thirty years old. Big-boned and rough. The pilot, the wiper, the bunkman, too easy for trouble, too slow for fun, too lazy for love. The official record showed the lethargic outline of his character.

A man of physical strength and intellectual potential stunted by lack of ambition.

He had been content to drift from moment to moment of existence for thirty years like some heavily armored creature, sluggish and indifferent—but now he was adrift in space for one hundred and seventy days and the key to his awakening was in the lock.



The spaceship "Nomad" drifted halfway between Mars and Jupiter. Whatever war catastrophe had wrecked it had taken a sleek steel rocket, one hundred yards long and one hundred feet broad and mangled it into a skeleton on which was mounted the remains of cabins, holds, decks, and bulkheads.



The wreck was filled with a floating conglomerate of frozen debris that hung within the vessel like an instantaneous photograph of an explosion. The minute gravitational attraction of the bits of rubble for each other was slowly drawing them into clusters, which were periodically torn apart by the passage through them of the survivor still alive in the wreck—Gulliver Foyle.

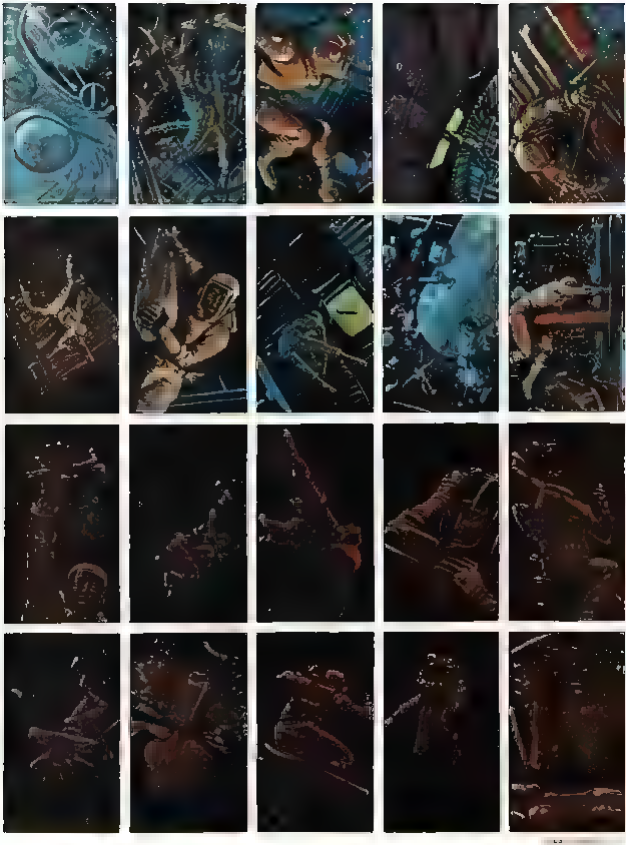
On the hundred and seventy-first day of his fight for survival, Foyle answered these questions. His heart hammered and his throat burned. He groped in the dark for the air tank which shared his coffin with him and checked it. The tank was empty. Another would have to be moved in at once.

He lived in the only airtight room left intact in the wreck, the tool locker off the main deck corridor. The locker was four feet wide, four feet deep, and nine feet high. Foyle had existed in this coffin for five months, twenty days, and four hours.

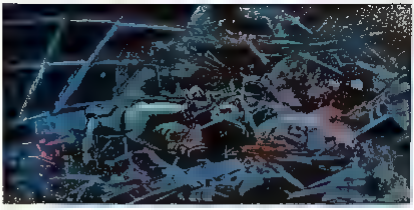
"Who are you?"
"Guilty. Foyle is my name."
"Where are you from?"
"Terra is my nation."
"Where are you now?"
"Deep space is my dwelling place."
"Where are you bound?"
"Death's my destination."

He felt through the locker shelves and located a torn spacesuit. It was the only suit aboard "Nomad" and Foyle no longer remembered where he had found it. He had sealed the tear with emergency spray, but had no way of refilling the empty oxygen cartridges on the back. Foyle got into the suit. It would hold enough air to allow him five minutes in vacuum.

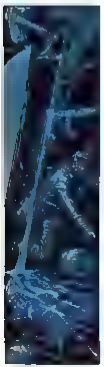
Foyle opened the locker door and plunged out into the black frost of space. The air in the locker puffed out with him and its moisture congealed into a tiny snow cloud that drifted down the torn main deck corridor. Foyle heaved the exhausted air tank, floated it out of the locker and abandoned it. A minute was gone.



He squirmed down the main deck corridor and ascended a stairway to the control deck. Most of the walls were dense. The sun on his right, the stars on his left. Foyle shot aft toward the galley storeroom.

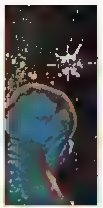


As Foyle passed through a corridor he had a quick view of himself in the polished chrome of a broken door. Gully Foyle a squint black creature bearded crusted with dried blood and filth emaciated, with six patient eyes. He turned away and headed toward the galley storeroom.



Foyle gathered up ration packets, concentrates and a chunk of ice from a burst water tank. Putting it all in a cauldron he turned and darted out.

At the door of nowhere he glanced at himself again. Then he stopped his motion in bewilderment. He stared at the stars which had become familiar friends after five months. There was an intruder among them.



Then Foyle realized he was staring at a spaceship. Stern rockets flaring as it accelerated on a sunward course that would pass him.

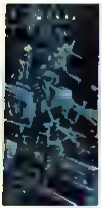
No, he muttered. No man, no.

He was continually suffering from hallucinations. He turned to return to the locker. Then he looked again. It was still a spaceship.

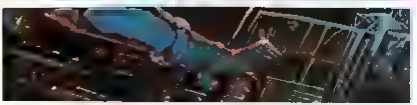
"Six months already," he said in his gutter tongue. "Is it now, God? If it's a ship, I'm yours. You own me. If it's a gaff, if it's no ship, I unseal right now and blow my guts. Yes or no. That's all."

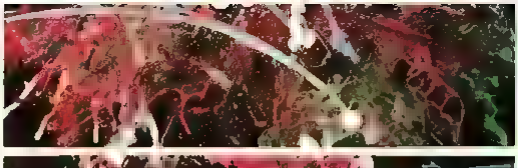
He looked and for a third time he saw a spaceship.

Foyle went hurtling down the control deck's corridor toward the bridge, but at the companionway stairs he restrained himself. He could not remain conscious for more than a few [illegible] without refining [illegible]



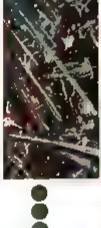
He mounted to the control bridge. Through the starboard observation port he saw the spaceship, stern rocket still flaming, evidently making a major alteration in course for it was beaming down on him very slowly.



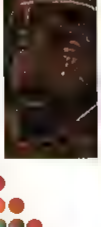


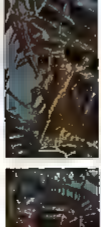
The flares flashed in space and the radioactives incorporated in their combustion set up a static howl that must register on any receiver.

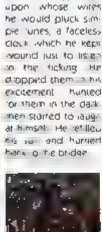
The stranger's jets cut off. He had been seen. He would be rescued.



Foyle darted back to his locker and replenished his space suit. He began to weep. He gathered his only possessions an egg slicer upon whose wires he would pluck simple tunes, a faceless clock which he kept wound just to listen to the ticking. He dropped them in his excitement, hunted for them in the dark, then started to laugh at himself. He refilled his suit and hurried back to the bridge.







The stranger slid into the outermost rim of light from the flares approaching slowly, looking him over cautiously.

Hurry up, he crooned. Come on, baby you. For a moment Foyle was scared. The ship was so cautious he thought it could have been from the Outer Planets.

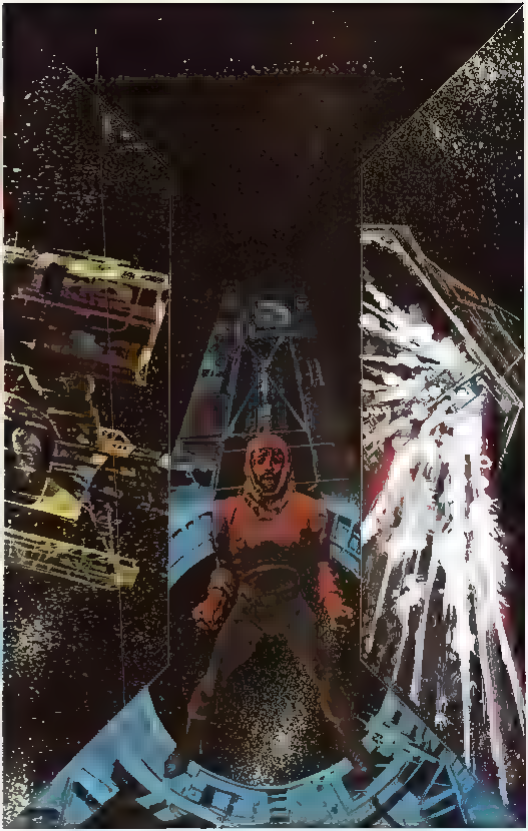
Then he saw the familiar red and blue emblem on her side and Foyle knew she was a sister ship, a member of the fleet of the munificent, beneficent, industrial Presteign clan. Presteign of Terra. The vessel was also a Presteign ship.

The ship came abreast of Foyle. ports along its side glowing with friendly light, its name and registry clear ble. She was T 1139

The ship was a side him moment passing him a second disappearing behind

Foyle dancing and during. He jumped the panel and slapped buttons. Flares leaped from the hull of the Nomad in a madness of colour pulsing, pleading "Vorga T 1139 passed silently and placably as created on a new course

native seed lived and he After thirty years existence and six months of torture Gully Foyle the stereotype common man was no more. The key turned in the lock of his soul and the door was opened



● You pass me by" he said with a slow mounting fury. "You leave me rot like a dog. You leave me die. 'Vorga.' Vorga-T 1139. No. I get outta here me. I follow you, 'Vorga. I find you, 'Vorga. I pay you back me not you. I kill you, Vorga.

● The acid of fury ran through him, eating away the brute patience and sluggishness that had made a cipher of Gully Foyle, precipitating a chain of reactions that would make an infernal machine of Gully Foyle. He was dedicated.

● He did what the cipher did not do. He rescued himself. He combed the wreckage and devised a harness for his shoulders. He attached an air tank to the harness and to his helmet with an improvised hose.
He thought.

● He learned how to use the instruments that still functioned. He took sights. "Nomad" was drifting in space three hundred million miles from the sun. Hanging in the foreground was Jupiter, a distinctly planetary disc to the naked eye. Jupiter was not, however, habitable.

● Like all the outer planets beyond the asteroid orbits, it was a frozen mass, but its four largest satellites swarmed with cities at war with the inner Planets. He would be a prisoner but he would be alive.

● Foyle studied the engine room of "Nomad." He repaired a connection between fuel tanks and one still operative jet chamber. The "Nomad's" fuel was still liquid (the tanks were on the sunside of the ship), but there was no gravity to pull the fuel into the jet.

● Foyle studied manuals. If he could put "Nomad" in a spin, the centrifugal force would impart enough gravity to pull fuel down into the combustion chamber of the jet. To make the "Nomad" spin, however, he had to fire the jet.

● He thought his way out of the problem. He opened the drainage pet cock of the combustion chamber and painfully filled it by hand. Now if it ignited, the jet would fire long enough to put the ship in a spin. Then the flow of fuel would start.

● He tried a match which would not burn in space. He tried flint and steel, which would not glow in absolute zero. He found books and read. Although he blacked out frequently, he thought and planned.

● He took ice from the frozen galley tanks and melted them with body heat. The water was added to the combustion chamber. The fuel and water did not mix. The latter floated in a thin layer over the fuel.

● Foyle found a silvery bit of wire in the chemical storeroom. He pushed it into the open pet cock and it ignited on contact with the water. Sodium metal. The heat touched off the fuel.

● Foyle sealed the pet cock. The fuel fed the operative jet engine of the "Nomad," and the ship went into a slow spin. Gravity returned. Floating debris hit ceiling, decks and corridors.

● Wasting no time on cheers, Foyle struggled forward to the bridge. An observation from the deck would tell him whether the "Nomad" was committed to a plunge in deep space on a course to Jupiter and rescue.

● The slight gravity made it difficult to haul his air tank. The sudden acceleration left him assaulted by masses of debris in flight from the corridors and the bridge. He pushed up the companionway stairs and was caught by a half ton of steel- tumbleweed.

● He was pinned in the center of the metal ball with an impact that attacked his hold on consciousness. He was barely alive and he fought for his life.

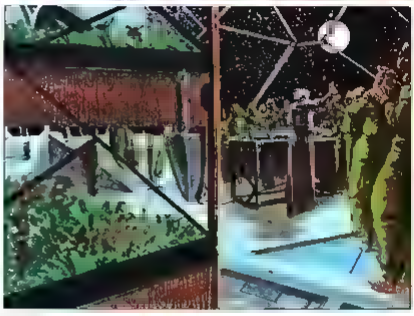
● "Who are you?"
"Where are you from?"
"Where are you now?"
"Where are you bound?"

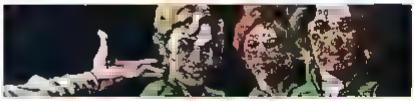
Between Mars and Jupiter floats the broad belt of asteroids the most unique of which is Sargasso. A tiny planet made up of natural rock and wrecked salvage it was inhabited by savages for two hundred years. They were the only savages of the 24th century descendants of a research team that had been marooned on the asteroid two hundred years earlier. By the time their descendants were discovered they had built up a world of their own salvaging the parts of other ships and practicing a travesty of the scientific method they remembered from their predecessors. They called themselves the Scientific People. They were quickly forgotten.

'Nomad' looped through space in the slow spiral of a weakened animalcule. It passed Sargasso and was immediately captured by the savages to be incorporated into their little planet's architecture. They found Foyle.

He awoke once while being taken through the passages in the scavenger asteroid. He saw the plates with names of such long forgotten ships as 'Syrtus Rambler' and 'Three Ring Circus' – and glimpsed the hundreds of apartments halls, storerooms and corridors those ships had become. In rapid succession, he was borne through an ancient Ganymede scow a Lassell ice borer a captain's barge a Callisto heavy cruiser, and a 22nd century fuel transport.

Two centuries of salvage were gathered in this hive: books costumes chemicals tools and tapes. A crowd around the litter shouting. 'Quant suffi'. A chorus of savages bleated, 'Ammonium bromide gr 1½ potassium bromide gr 3, sodium bromide gr 2, citric acid Quant suff'. Foyle fainted.





He awoke in the greenhouse of the asteroid where plants were grown for fresh oxygen The distant sun blazed through the air was hot and moist Foyle gazed around dimly A devil face peered at him Cheeks chin, and eyelids were hideously tatooed like a Maori mask Across the forehead was tatooed Joseph

"We are the Scientific Race" he said Foyle gazed at the grinning crowd surrounding them All faces were masks, all had names blazoned across them

"How long did you drift" Joseph asked

"Vorga" Foyle mumbled

"You are the first man to arrive in fifty years You are a puissant man Arrival of the fittest is the doctrine of Holy Darwin Most scientific"

"Quant suff" the crowd yelled

Joseph seized Foyle's elbow in the manner of a physician taking a pulse "Ninety-eight point six" he said, producing a thermometer and shaking it reverently "Most scientific"

"Quant suff" agreed the crowd

Joseph proferred an Erlenmeyer flask labeled [illegible] Ca[illegible] the [illegible] Vitamin? he inquired

Foyle did not respond Joseph removed a large pill placed it in the bowl of a pipe and lit it He puffed once then gestured Three girls appeared before Foyle Their faces were hideously tatooed Joan, Moira, and Polly

"Select" Joseph said "The Scientific people practice natural selection Be scientific in your choice Be genetic"

As Foyle fainted again his arm slid off the altar and glanced against Moira

"Quant suff"

He was in a circular hall filled with a centrifuge, an operating table, a wrecked fluoroscope, autoclaves, and instruments They strapped Foyle down on the operating table while he raved They fed him They shaved him They bathed him They turned on the ancient autoclave It boiled and geysered They turned on the fluoroscope

Joseph appeared, a lurid ten-foot tapestry on stilts. He wore a gown embroidered with anatomical illustrations in red and black thread.

I pronounce you Nomad!" he said.

The uproar was maddening. Joseph hilted a rusty sabre above Foyle. There was the reek of ether.

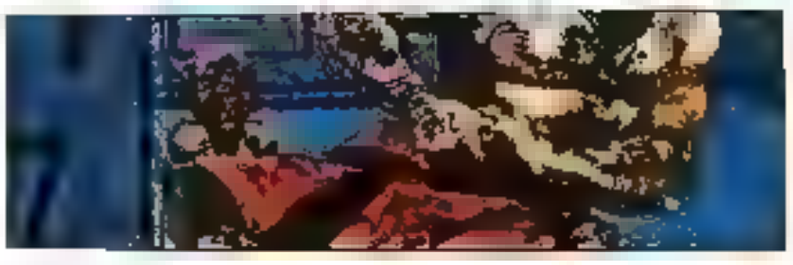
Scientific People proudly displayed Moira. She had been inoculated against something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.

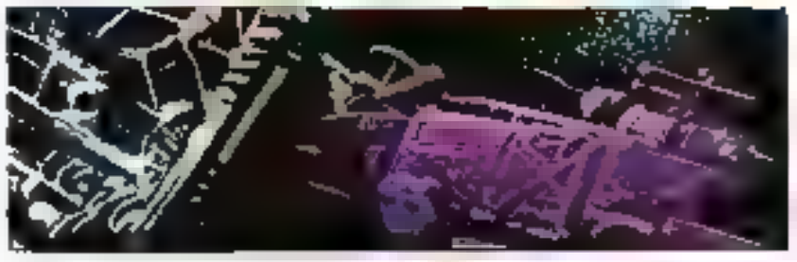
Foyle struggled out of bed. "Where are we now?"

"In our home, Nomad. You must marry every month and have many children. This is scientific."

Foyle ignored her and explored. He was in the main cabin of a small rocket-launch. The main cabin had been converted into a bedroom. The control cabin was a parlor, but the controls appeared operative.

He thought.





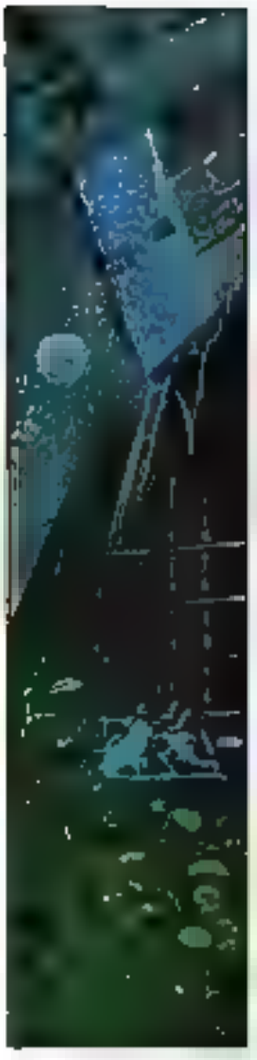
Foyle lost consciousness. Out of the night "Vorga-T-1139" surged again and again, on a surward course that burst through Foyle's viscera and brains and he could not stop screaming silently for release.

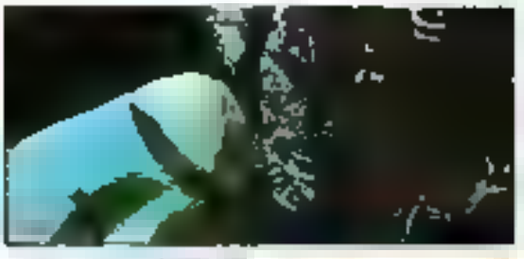
He awoke in a bed. There was a window. The girl Moira was with him.

"Who you?" Foyle croaked.

"Your wife, Nomad."

"What?"



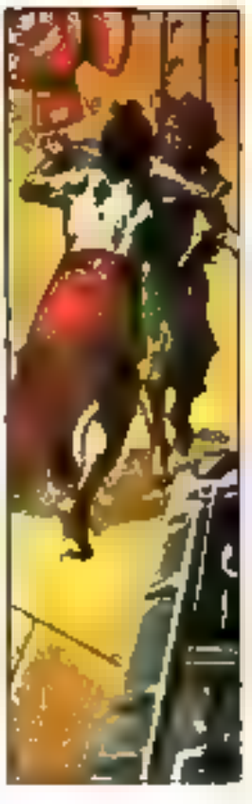


He went to the kitchen and smashed the stove. He disconnected fuel tanks from the original jet combustion chambers.

"What are you doing, Nomad?" Moira watched him.

"Got to get out of here, girl." Foyle mumbled. "You dig me? Going to ram out of this boat, is all."

Moira backed away in alarm. Foyle caught the look of her eyes and leaped up. She screamed. Outside, the Scientific People had started banging on the metal hull, a scientific charivari for the newlyweds.



Foyle pursued Moira patiently. He trapped her in a corner. She screamed loud enough to split the asteroid open but the noise outside was louder. Foyle gagged her with her own clothes.

He returned to the engine room, finished the shoddy patching job.

Leaving, he shouted in Moira's ear as he took her to the main hatch. "Take off. Blast out of asteroid."

He shoved Moira out an open hatch. "Guesses for grabs what happens. Hint: warm. Go go go."

At the controls, Foyle pressed ignition. He waited for the temp to reach blasting heat. The launch was cemented into the asteroid. He didn't know what would happen when the jets started their thrust but he was driven to gamble by Vorga.

The jets fired. The ship yawed, heated. There was a sharp squeal of metal. Then the launch grated forward, bursting out the asteroid into deep space.

An Inner Planets ship picked him up 90,000 miles outside Mars's orbit. After 7 months of shooting war they were alert but reckless. The launch seemed abandoned. They were looking for booty.

They found Foyle crawling like a worm through the junk heap. He was pocked with gangrene and bleeding. They put him in solitary sick bay, no sight for even the rough stomachs of the crew.

The I.P. patrol in-
ished its tour of duty
On the jet back to
Terra, Foyle recov-
ered consciousness
and bubbled words
starting with 'v'. He
knew that only one
stood between him
and vengeance.

A sick bay orderly
heard him and
ed the curtains
recovery
Foyle's filmed eyes
looked up.

What happe-
ed?"

What? Fry-
croaked.

Don't yo-
know?

What? Wha-
matter yo-

The order-
ed to a
er and returned
minutes later
struggled out of
fluid. His eye
blazed. 'It's com-
back man. Some-
it couldn
on the 'Nomad' m
was off my head.

You didn
have
no head left, you

I forgot, you
jaunte is all. Still, so
remember much
feel very

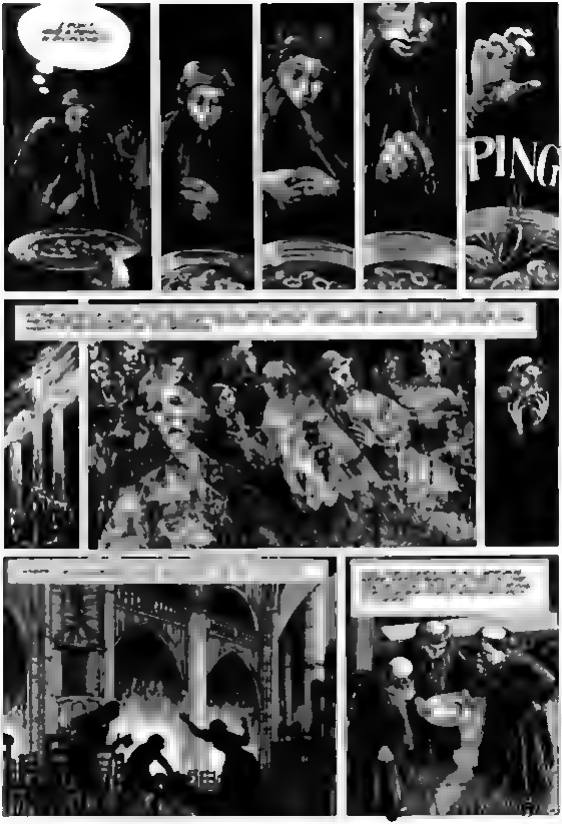
He recoiled in e-
ror as the orderly
hrust the pict-re of a
hideous
face in front of
was a Maor
Cheeks, chin
were decorated with
stripes and
Across the top was
blazoned "NOMAD".
Foyle cried out in
agony. The pict-re
was a mirror. The
face was his own.

a mass for the dead

ONCE UPON A TIME, BEHIND THE CONVENT OF ST CLAIRE'S* THERE LIVED A WIDOW WHO EARNED HER MEAGER LIVING SPINNING WOOL. THE WOMAN WAS VERY DEVOUT. EVERY MORNING SHE WENT TO MASS BEFORE DAWN AT ST GERVAIS
ONE WINTER NIGHT THE WIDOW COULD NOT SLEEP
DONG DING DONG

*FORMERLY [illegible] NOW USED AS A BOARDING SCHOOL BY THE [illegible]

THE WIDOW COULD MAKE OUT MORE THAN DRESSED IN A STYLE OF BYGONE DAYS. THEY WORE BLACK SO SHE DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM
SHE DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE PRIEST SAYING MASS
SHE LEARN HOW THE PRIEST MOVE HIS LIPS
AT THE MOMENT OF CONSECRATION, SHE ALSO SAW THE ACOLYTE RING THE BELL
BUT SHE DIDN'T HEAR A WORD OF THE TINKLE OF BELLS
WHEN IT WAS TIME TO PASS UP THE TOILER, TOM A PLOUGHMAN THE WIDOW HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE PASSED BY WITH A LARGE BRASS PLATE


PING

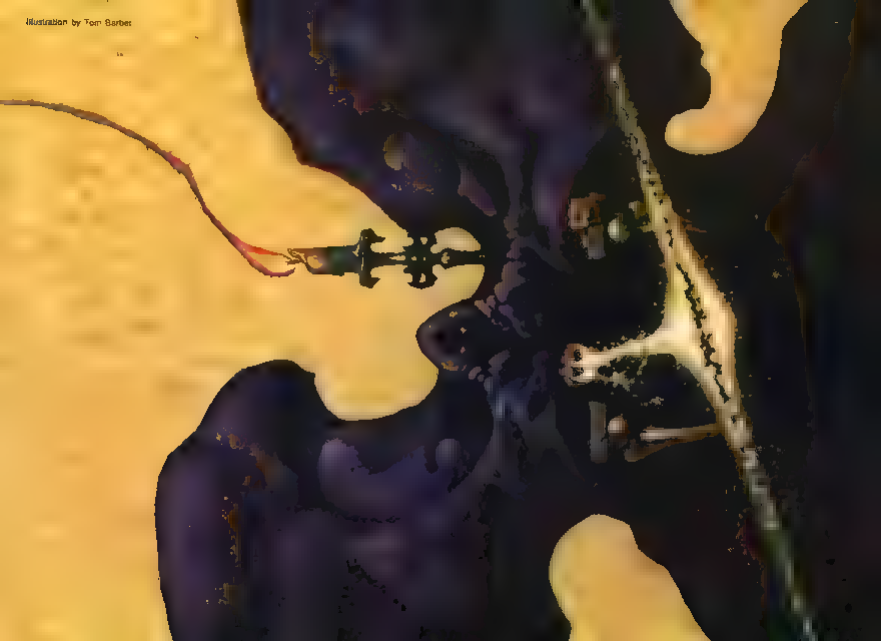
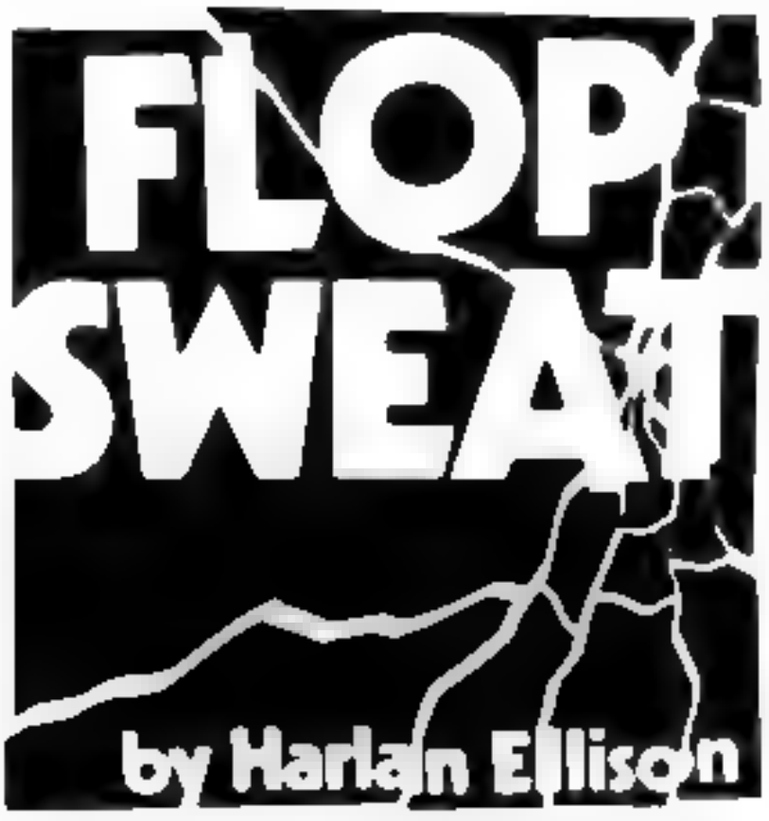


Illustration by Tom Barbet



Her first guest of the evening sat across the table from her there in the tiny broadcast booth, staring at her with unreadable green eyes showing through the mask. She was dead certain he was crazy as a thousand hatfieldsthis but he was, without a doubt, one of the best interviews she'd ever had on the program. She knew it without a doubt because her hands were soaking wet with perspiration, and her upper lip above the glossed line of Lolitina I was dewy with sweat.

When she had been in the theater, in the years before she had found that hosting a talk show was easier and steadier work, she had come to understand what the perspiration meant. In show biz they called it a "flop sweat," the physical manifestation of nervousness just before going on stage. And during the seven years here at KDID, the flop sweat had dampened her palms and upper lip every time she'd had a dynamite show. It was a certain barometer of something happening.

But to call this strange man, dressed all in black, wearing a cheap K Mart domino mask, the kind children wear at Halloween, a "happening" was to fling oneself face-forward into understatement. Brother Michael Darkness was more than a happening. He was a force of nature, a powerful presence, a disturbing reality—even if he was obviously a certifiable nut-case, a card-carrying whacko, a psychotic in the top one-tenth of the top percentile of emotional walking wounded with whom she shared air-space.

"Reverend Darkness," she said, "it's almost the top of the hour, and we have to break now for the network news, but—"

"*Brother* Darkness," he said, cutting her off.

She was nonplussed for a moment. His voice—it had the deep, warm, musky umbre of secrets whispered in dark rooms. When he—once she thought of a stick of butter squeezed through a fist. "Yes, of course. I'm sorry. You've told me several times you're not a minister. I'll try to remember, *Brother* Darkness." He nodded, politely. She could not read his expression around the mask. He disturbed her. Fluid ease behind the mike. That didn't happen very often. Seven years at this gig had made her almost unflappable. "What I was about to suggest, Brother Darkness, is that we break for the news and you come back for the second hour of the show. My next guest is Dr. Jacob Theiss, a well-known psychiatrist who works with the Los Angeles police. He'll be coming on to talk about this epidemic of razor-blade killings, and I think some of what you've been saying about evil in our times might be very interesting to have him comment on."

"I'd be pleased to stay, Miss Ketchum."

The way he said it made Theresa Ketchum almost regret she had suggested it. He made his acceptance sound as if they had entered into some kind of unholy alliance. But she signaled to Jerry, the engineer in the control room, and he turned up the network feed pot, and the news rushed in with drums and trumpets and the voice of the sixty-thousand-dollars-a-year announcer from New York.

Now she was alone with Brother Darkness. The on-air studio—which she'd sat was a claustrophobic box fifteen by ten, with two windowed walls—the one she looked into the control room. The other looked into the waiting room where Millie sat taking and screening phone calls from the general public. The studio seemed somehow smaller than usual, and almost-cheerfully filled with menace. And it had started out being such a—a—vivid day.

She took off her earphones and racked them. She stood up, smoothing her skirt, and was suddenly aware of Brother Darkness looking at her not as a dispassionate "communicaster" but as an attractive woman, forty-four years old, born tanned and well-toned from afternoons at the Beverly Hills Health Club, nose bobbed exquisitely by Dr. Parks, auburn hair coiffed and covered just so at Jon Peters's parlor in the Valley. She had a momentary flush of regret at not having worn something bulky and concealing. The blouse was too sheer, the skirt too tight, the whole image too provocative. But she had dressed for *after* the broadcast—for the party CBS was having that night at the Bonaventure to promote its new mid-season sitcom. The party at which she would use the sensual good looks, the tanned and well-toned body, the exquisite nose and bouffée hair to play some ingratiating politics to move herself out of a seven-year rut on local talk radio and into a network job. Dressing with care this afternoon, before coming on to the station, she had given no thought to the effect on her guests, only to how she would present herself at the party. Attention where it mattered.

But Brother Michael Darkness was staring at her the way men stared at her in the Polo Lounge or in the meat-rack pickup bar of the Rangoon Racquet Club. And she wished she were wearing a caftan, a fur-lined parka, a severe three-piece tweed pant suit.

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" She heard her voice coming huskily and distantly. Not at all the liquid honey tone she used as the trademark of an audio sex-object when broadcasting.

"No thank you, Miss Ketchum. I'll just sit here if this's all right."

She nodded. "Yes, of course. That'll be fine. I'll get Dr. Theiss and be right back. We have five minutes before we're back on the air." And she escaped into the corridor quickly, finding herself leaning against the sea-green wall breathing very deeply.

Over the station speakers in the hall the newscaster was headlining the Los Angeles razor-blade slayings, commenting on the discovery that morning of an eleventh young woman, nude and with throat sliced open, in the bushes near the Silverlake off-ramp of the Hollywood Freeway. She heard the voice, but paid no attention.

She stepped into the waiting room beside the studio. Jake Theiss was leaning against the wall sipping coffee from a paper cup. The telephone switchboard was lit from one end to the other, all ten lines strobing with urgency. Millie looked up from the log and rolled her eyes. "Jesus, Terri, you've got a live one [illegible] he wants to talk to him."

She felt her heart racing. "Keep the best ones on hold. I'll try to get to them after I introduce Jake."

Then she turned to Jake Theiss, who smiled at her, and it was as if someone had returned her stolen security blanket. He had been on the show a dozen times before, and they had even gone out several evenings. His mere presence reassured her.

"Theresa," he said, stepping away from the wall and taking her hand, "you look a trifle whiplashed."

She hugged him and kissed his cheek. "My God, Jake, have you been *listening* to him?"

The psychiatrist nodded slowly. "I have indeed. But it's not so much *what* he says, as the way he says it. A little de Sade, a little Gilles de Rais, echoes of Proteus, a smidgeon of Cotton Mather, and some direct quotes from the *Evangelium Nicodemi*, if memory serves well. All made contemporary by the audition of Jung, Freud, Adler, and Werner Erhard's look-out-for-number-one. Nothing particularly spectacular there; most modern demonologists plunder the same bag. But your Brother Michael in there has a sense of the dramatic, and a voice to match, and a nasty way of bringing in current events that—well... I can't say I'm looking forward to sharing a microphone with him."

She drew a deep breath. "Jake, *stop it*. This fluke does a good enough job scaring the hell out of me on his own. I mean, it's like 8 o'clock time in there. When he starts talking about the return of the

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devils. I swear to God, I can *feel* the slimy things in that booth. And I never thought a kid's Halloween mask could chill me, but each time he looks at me with those green eyes I feel every part of my body trying to [illegible]

Millie handed her a Kleenex from the box. "Your lip," she said. Theresa took the tissue and blotted herself.

"Okay, don't worry about it," Jake said, setting down the empty coffee [illegible]

She smiled wanly, feeling like a fool. This was hardly professional behavior.

They walked back into the on-air studio just as the news was ending. Theresa moved to the console and flipped the toggle switch on the intercom. "Jerry, let's do the Southern California Buick dealers, Pacific Telephone and Roto-Rooter. Is there a live tag on the Roto-Rooter commercial?"

The tinny voice of Jerry from the other side of the control room glass filled the booth. "Yeah. Ten seconds."

He ran up the cartridges and for a moment, before she turned down the sound in the booth, the Buick announcer's voice filled the room. When she turned back to her guests, Jake Theiss had already seated himself at the empty third mike, to the right of her swivel chair. She drew a deep breath and sat down. "Jake, this is Brother Michael Darkness. Brother Darkness, Dr. Jacob Theiss." She watched them shake hands. She studied Jake's face closely, but if he reacted to the touch of Brother Michael's hand, as she had reacted the first time he had touched her, the *only* time he had touched her, earlier that evening, the psychiatrist concealed the fact. Jake did not shiver. He smiled at Brother Michael and said, "I've been listening to the interview. Pretty strong medicine for a live audience just around dinnertime, wouldn't [illegible]

Brother Michael's face was unpassive. "If you think I'm a fraud, Dr. Theiss, why not just come out with it. Mendacity is unappealing in someone who professes to being a man of science. Even such an alleged science as the study of the mind."

Theresa's heart beat faster. It was as though she had just received two separate and powerful electrical shocks, so close together they seemed one: outrage and fear at the antagonism of the man in black, which might lead in a moment to a thrown punch, and delight at the instant animus between Jake and the Brother, guaranteeing a controversial second hour for the show. She hated herself for feeling pleasure. It was always this way when something terrible but promotable happened on the show.

"I didn't know you also read minds, Brother Darkness," Jake said, following the affront. "If I wanted to call you a fraud, I'd certainly [illegible]

Brother Michael's tone softened. He knew he wasn't going to get a fight. Not now, at any rate. "I'm pleased to know you recognize the superficial texts. Too few practitioners of what you call 'the hypnotic arts' familiarize themselves with the black documents of antiquity."

Theresa was lost.

"I beg your pardon, what do you mean?" Jake said.

"I mean: you were correct in recognizing my quote from the *Evangelium Nicodemi*."

A chill spread its web across Theresa's back. Jake had said that in the waiting room. How could Brother Michael have heard it? She reached [illegible] and flipped the toggle for Millie. "Did we leave the intercom feed open?" Millie shook her head no. Theresa stared at her through the glass. The chill spread deeper and further. She looked at Jake with [illegible]

He caught the look. "A condemned document, dating from the third century. It describes Christ's descent into hell and a session of Satan's [illegible]

The Roto-Rooter jingle was just ending and Theresa held up a hand for silence as she ruffled through the sheaf of tags for commercials and simultaneously punched the square red button that gave her a live [illegible] telephone.

"So say good-bye forever to clogged drains caused by those tree roots that've grown into pipes. Get to the *root* of your problem by calling your Roto-Rooter service representative." She concluded [illegible] statement, but all the while keeping her eye on her guests.

"Well, we're back with Brother Michael Darkness, the head of the Euchite Sect, a group we're told has no affiliation with any orthodox or recognized religious denomination: a man who says he represents those who believe in the return of the dark forces that once ruled the earth. And we're being joined now by Dr. Jacob Theiss, M.D., Ph.D., a member of the governing board of the American Psychiatric Association. He's on the staff at the U.C.L.A. Medical Center and the winner of many prestigious awards in the field of human behavior. Dr. Theiss, have you been listening to the interview so far?"

"Yes, Theresa. And I'm most intrigued by Brother Darkness and [illegible] the Euchites are an unrecognized sect."

"Brother Darkness, correct me if I'm wrong, but weren't the Euchites an early Christian sect who believed that each man had a congenital devil that could be expelled only by [illegible] were supposed to have repudiated the sacraments and moral law, to have worshiped Lucifer as the oldest son of the Creator, isn't that right? About twelfth century, if I remember correctly."

Brother Michael leaned forward till his face almost touched the microphone. "Very good, Dr. Theiss. I'm pleased and surprised at your erudition. Quite correct, on every point."

"And you're reviving the sect here in Los Angeles, in the middle of the Age of Plastic?"

"When better? The time is right."

"What do you mean by that?" Theresa said.

"Just look around," Brother Michael said softly. "Everywhere a belief in irrational and the obscure takes greater hold daily. Films tell us we are being watched by aliens from other worlds, or that demons infest the night; there is a frenzied rush to believe in astrology, in demonology and assassination conspiracies, in superstition and magic. We seek Messiahs on all sides. Atlantis, the Bermuda Triangle, lost worlds at the center of the earth, spirits speaking from the grave. Eastern mysticism [illegible] they dominate our every waking moment and plunge through our dreams at night. Do you think this is accidental? No. I'm sure you don't. You may be confused and frightened by it all, but in some secret part of your mind and your soul you understand that it is the first clarion call of the ancient devils, come again to rule us. As is only right and proper."

And then they were off. Theresa ha[illegible] mercials required by the log and the FCC. She had [illegible] clusters, knowing her listeners were pounding furiously on the busy telephone lines. Jake and the Brother went at it fiercely, with Jake trying to hold a line of logic and sanity against the voracious dynamics [illegible]

The first of the calls came in at twenty after the [illegible]

Okay, let's take a break from this for [illegible] "Whoeee! You two make my head spin. Let's h[illegible] have to say, Dr. Theiss, Brother Darkness, if you'll use those headsets you'll be able to hear the caller. Okay. Hello, this is Theresa Ketchum and you're on KDID talk radio. Who's this?"

The voice that came across the line was strangely unsexual, neither male nor female, identifiable neither as young nor old. It seemed to be coming from a great distance, though it was clear and precise. "This is someone all of Los Angeles wants to know," the voice said. "I'm referring to the [illegible] razor-blade cleansings. You call them slayings, but I [illegible]

Through the glass, Millie's face filled with horror.

She grabbed for the private line and dialed. Theresa saw her frantic movements and knew at once she was dialing the police emergency number, 911. Thank God Millie was on tonight, and not Charlie, who was so slow on the uptake that he often punched through rou[illegible]

"Come on, whoever you are," Theresa said, stalling for time so the [illegible] one on which this self-proclaimed killer was speaking. "We know there are enough cuckoos out there who like to confess to crimes to fill the Forum. Why should we believe you're the razor-blade killer?"

"It isn't necessary that you believe. But here's a bit of information the police have been holding back: when I perform my cleansing operations, I always cut a pentangle into the sole of the left foot of my [illegible]

He went on speaking, but Theresa saw Jake signaling her frantically. She hit the green button killing the live mike and Jake gasped, "[illegible]

him! Or her! I can't tell which. But that's even been kept out of the coroner's reports."

"For God's sake, Terri, I'm working with the LAPD on this! It's the killer I tell you!"

She punched the mike to life. "Why are you calling us?"

The voice went on carefully, very steadily. "I just wanted to say it would serve you to listen to what Brother Darkness is saying. He's

The most violent reaction came from Brother Michael Darkness. He grabbed the boom on the mike and pulled the instrument to him. "Whoever you are, you've got to stop this. It's awful. It's not

But the line went dead. The dial tone came over the open mike.

They sat there in silence, knowing that all over Los Angeles pandemonium was gripping the thousands of listeners to this program, knowing that if the station management was listening they were already calling in on the private lines to find out why the four and one-half second time-delay intercept hadn't been used, knowing that the police were on their way to the station, knowing that out there somewhere a lunatic was being primed to kill again. Surely that was what

She didn't know what to say. For the first time in seven years she was too terrified and too stunned to let her sense of theatrics override her shock. But Jake had already jumped in.

"Brother Michael, do you know that person?"

"I swear to you, I have never heard that voice. I don't want you to think that my beliefs or the sect I represent have anything to do with murder."

"But that person, male or female—I can't tell which—that person says my doctrine is correct. That speaker was an adherent of what you profess. Now do you see what your insane, your profane doctrine leads to? Chaos! Lunacy! It makes it all right for madmen to kill innocent people!"

And Millie was waving frantically from the other side of the glass, signaling Theresa to pick up line three.

She punched up line three and started to [illegible] radio—but the voice from the night came once again. "Don't try to trace me. You'll have no luck. I just want you to know that it all begins and ends tonight."

Theresa heard herself gasp, and then she barely managed to say, "What do you mean?"

And the voice said, "It's all coming together tonight. Have you looked out at the moon. It's full tonight. And everything you people believe, all the mad things, all the terrible things, all the things Brother Darkness calls 'the irrational' come together. Belief in the dark things, the ancient fears, the crazy things you all believe in your souls *really* move the universe—all of it has become supreme enough for the end of [illegible] the Apocalypse."

And the mike went dead again.

Theresa cut in Millie's intercom. "Where did that come from?"

Millie was crying. "That was line three, from Orange County. But the first one was an L.A. one. I—can't be!"

Jake's face was white with fear. "Oh, my God," he said, very quietly, the words trembling with terror.

Brother Michael was babbling, saying over and over, "I had nothing to do with it, nothing—I don't know him—I swear I didn't mean any harm."

And as the hour were to a close, there were two more calls. One on a line from Long Beach, the other on a line originating in Glendale. It was impossible for anyone to get from one of those far areas to another in the space of minutes, yet it was the same voice, and it happened.

And when the police came they took Brother Michael away. And Jake went with them, to help coordinate the mobilization of every available cop in the city. And when the hour ended Theresa was left sitting in the booth, shaking with terror.

[illegible] tonight? No, not possible. No party tonight. Perhaps no party [illegible]. That voice, the calm in the words, the certainty. Tonight. The Apocalypse. And one word from the razor blade killer's last message: Armageddon. The final battle between good and evil, the last battle between the forces of the Creator and the dark demons who had been banished, before man walked the Earth.

"Terri, I'm going home now."

It was Millie's voice from the other side of the glass. The control room was empty. Jerry had gone. Theresa looked up dazedly, nodded once, and tried to rise. She found she had lost the strength to leave this terrible little box—at least for the moment. "Go ahead, Millie. I'll see you tomorrow." She let her hand lie on the console after releasing the toggle. Millie left.

She knew there were other people in the building. In other studios, KDID was carrying on, even in the face of what had gone out over the air tonight. She found that she was too frightened to leave, to go out through the corridors, past the security desk, into the parking lot with its high wire fence, to get into her car all alone, and to drive across town to her apartment. No. She would stay here. Safe in the booth. Locked away from whatever might happen tonight.

[illegible]

She looked through the glass, strained forward to see what it was, moving toward her. A faint purple light, soft and blurred, like a fading bruise on battered flesh. And now another light, in the glass of the waiting room on the other side of the studio. She stared from one to another, watching them moving slowly toward the glass partitions. [illegible]

[illegible] the reverberation of an impact in the earth. Through the soundproofed walls came the dull roar of explosions. Tremblors rippled the floor—the vinyl tiles buckled around her feet.

The faint lights moved closer. Figures coming toward the glass. Stopping to stare in at her. Figures in long black garments, with drawn cowls that covered their faces. And strange, sickly purple light, the faintest, most terrible glow, shining out from beneath the cowls. They [illegible] her. She [illegible] at her.

They raised their arms slightly, slowly, and the sleeves of their black robes fell back, revealing their hands. Theresa found that she could not breathe, that her chest was convulsing with the pain of her wildly [illegible].

Their fingers did not end in flesh. Metal. Sharp, cold metal: thin and final. This was the answer to how phone calls from the same person [illegible].

There was the sound of movement just outside the door of the studio. The walls shook with the echoes of the cataclysm outside. The roaring was louder now.

And in the moment before the door opened she had the final, petrifying thought that she had been part of it all, had spread the doctrine [illegible] a platform to every demented True Believer whose wild fantasies [illegible].

And now her worshipers had come to sacrifice their very own prophet. She felt cold and dead already, could feel the chill slice of the thin, metal fingertips. Her palms were soaked with sweat in expectation of the final performance.

The door opened, and they filed in to fill the studio. They stood staring at her as she felt her life clog up in her throat and arteries. They raised their arms, and the sleeves fell back from pale flesh and metal fingertips. She waited for the first touch.

And they sank to their knees, lifting their arms in supplication. She began to tremble with the rictus of a scream shaking her like a fever. Now she knew the worst, now she understood.

She was not to die. She had broadcast the word for them, every night for seven years, and she was not to die. She would be their dark priestess. Like the others who had done their spadework, like the others who had spread the word, she was to be kept alive, perhaps forever.

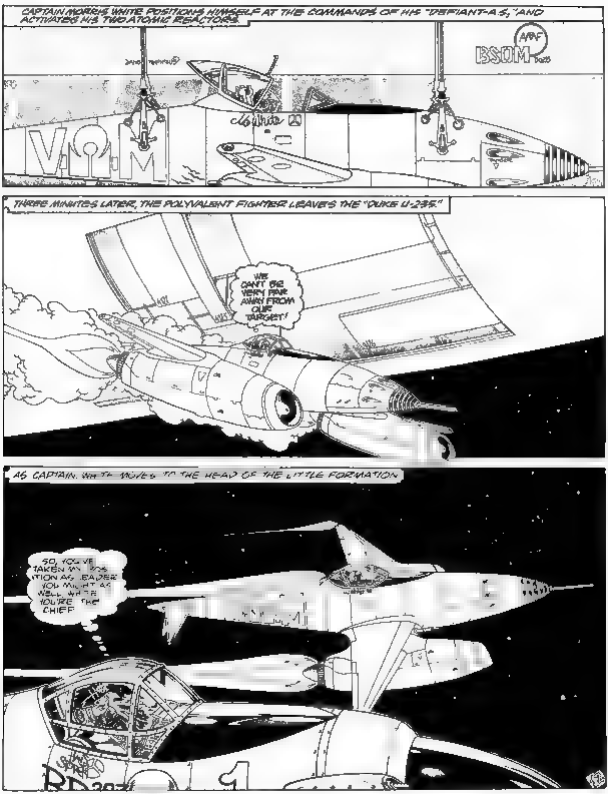
Dark priestess in a world of desolation, ruled by devils, ceased of [illegible]. She would [illegible].

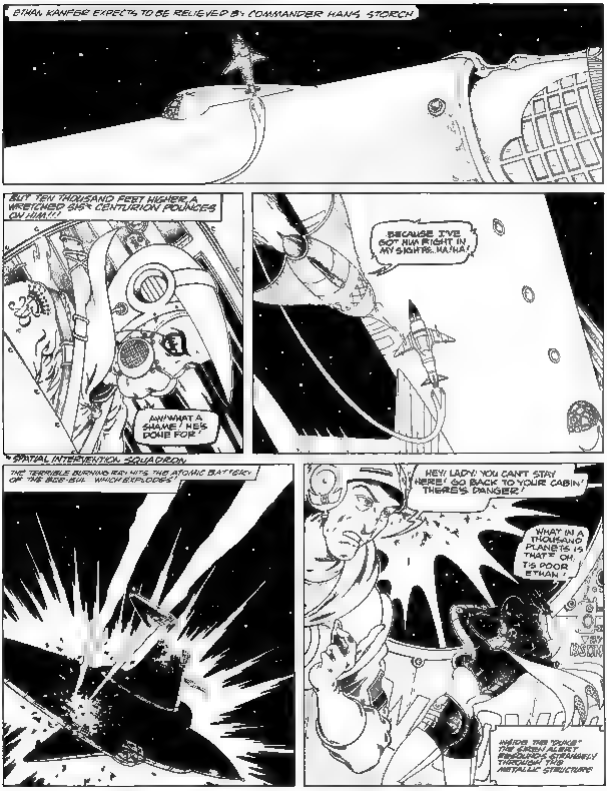
More ruinous than death—to rule forever in Hell. Lovelessly alive, worshiped by eaters of the darkness. To live on, coated always with a cold sweat, through a final performance that had no curtain, no exit lines.

Her scream could have shattered glass, but it didn't. It merely resonated against the metal fingertips of her subjects, her masters.

From the burning world beyond the studio came the wind whisper of the plague of locusts. ●

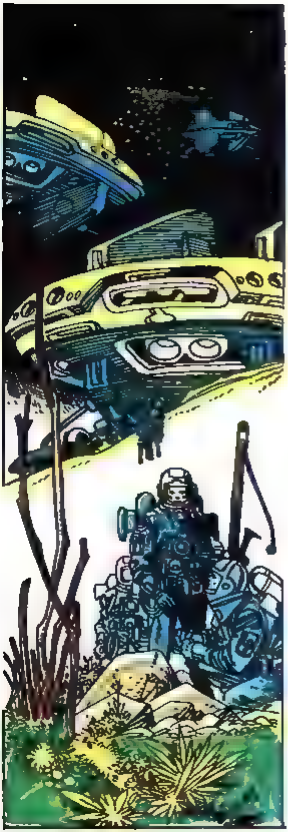
THE GREAT TRAP
OUR STORY SO FAR: JIM KILLED HIMSELF UPON ENTERING THE COSMIC INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE DIABOLICAL PLANET TO WHICH THE LITTLE SQUADRON OF CAPTAIN WHITE MUST LAY SIEGE
JIM'S DEAD AND PRONTO MORRIS WILL DISAPPEAR. SHOT DOWN SOMEWHERE IN SPACE
PART TWO
"NO! HE CAN'T DIE! HE CAN'T! I LOVE HIM TOO MUCH!"
Mr. White HERO OF METAL


CAPTAIN NORRIS WHITE POSITIONS HIMSELF AT THE COMMANDS OF HIS "DEFIANT-A 5," AND ACTIVATES HIS TWO ATOMIC REACTORS.
BSOM
THREE MINUTES LATER, THE POLYVALENT FIGHTER LEAVES THE "DUKE U-235."
WE CAN'T BE VERY FAR AWAY FROM OUR TARGET!
AS CAPTAIN WHITE MOVES TO THE HEAD OF THE LITTLE FORMATION.
SO, YOU'VE TAKEN MY POSITION AS LEADER YOU MIGHT AS WELL WHAT'S YOU'RE THE CHIEF!


ETHAN KANFER EXPECTS TO BE RELIEVED BY COMMANDER HANS STORCH
BUT TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGHER A WRETCHED SIRA CENTURION POUNCES ON HIM!!
AW/WHAT A SHAME! HE'S DONE FOR!
BECAUSE I'VE GOT HIM RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS, HA/HA/
SPATIAL INTERVENTION SQUADRON
THE TERRIBLE BURNING RAY HITS THE ATOMIC BATTERY OF THE BOB-BUL WHICH EXPLODES!
HEY! LADY! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE! GO BACK TO YOUR CABIN! THERE'S DANGER!
WHAT IN A THOUSAND PLANETS IS THAT? OH, 'TIS POOR ETHAN!
WHERE THE TOUCH OF THE ALIEN BROUGHT STRANGELY THROUGH THE METALLIC STRUCTURE

OH NO! NOT ETHAN! MY BEST PILOT, SHOT DOWN BY THE ROTTEN... NO!
COMMANDER STORCH SCARCELY HAS TIME TO GET SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THE FATE OF HIS MATE, AS HE EVADES THE ACCURATE SHOT OF THE SIX'S SECOND ATTACK OF BURNING RAGE!
I HOPE THEY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE DOING
WHAT'S STORCH DOING? IS HE OFFERING HIMSELF AS A TARGET TO THE REBELS?
THE FIGHTERS AND ALPHA TAKE UP THE OPENING LEFT BY NANS STORCH TO ATTACK THE "DUKE U-234"
YO NE'A BREAKING FORMATION
EVEN IF IT CAN'T BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE, I'LL AVENGE YOU, ETHAN!

NOW IT'S HUGO DRILNUB WHO'S UNDER ATTACK!
DAMN! I'M HIT!! IF I'M GOING TO GET AWAY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DEPEND ON THE MANEUVERABILITY OF MY B-9. IT'S MY ONLY HOPE.
HUGO OPENS HIS UP THRUST TO DODGE THE REBEL FIRE, WHEN SUDDENLY HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE CONTROLS!
NO!
GOTCHA
HUGO DIDN'T SEE IN TIME WHAT DEATH AWAITED HIM A HUNDRED FEET HIGHER.
NO, WAIT TIL THEY REGROUP TO CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE!!
WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MADAM MOHA, BUT THEY'RE VERY FAST, YOU KNOW.
YOUR CAPTAIN'S LIFE IS AT STAKE!
NOW GOT TO TAKE THE CHIEFTAIN'S PLACE AT THE FRONT. NOW THE SHOTS FROM THAT SHIP ARE GETTING ACCURATE
EXPOSING HIMSELF TO THE EXPLOSIVE FIRE OF THE DUKE AS WELL, STORCH HEADS TOWARD THE FIGHTER'S OF THE SKY!!
THAT THAT AND THAT YOU BASTARDS
TO BE CONTINUED



"Ha! Machines are supposed to wander, not wonder! We are living in civilized times," Flan laughed, quoting one of the Galactic Federation's favorite slogans. "War – and the warbot – are obsolete. Besides," and again he stared thoughtfully out of the port, "we'll be facing war of a different sort tonight at the royal dinner – verbal thrust and counterstroke amid lace and candlelight."

Mark checked his holo image: the high-waisted, midnight blue mariner dress trousers, properly bloused, tunic molded to his solid frame, the Sunheart pendant hanging like a splinter of frozen lightning against his chest; pistol, saline ampoules, and chuff-club clashed to his belt.

Not bad for a wandering Spacer – or the unwilling heir to a throne of Empire, he told himself as he pushed back a restless lock of coalsack hair. A tiny translucent duplicate of himself, almost five inches tall, stood on the rotating hologram platform aping his every move. He studied his light-twin. The figure *did* look thin, perhaps even a bit *haggard*. His mother, the Empress, would no doubt comment on *that*.

He found his mind slipping free once again as the curving, seamless walls of the ship dissolved in a black mist. Once again he was in the drag cage, suspended between suns, pacing off the endless star watches.

"– GO!" The warbot was already half-way down the tunnel, muttering to itself. Sighing, Flan grabbed a mask and caught

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BY JOHN POCSIK
PART II

up just as the hatch separated into four wedge sections.

Blasts of superheated air hammered at his body. Enveloped in the stark light, Flan Sunheart sagged in the airlock, waiting for the nausea to pass as his body adjusted to the high temperature. He felt the press of Ilium's greater gravity in his bones. Even his mask's element filter could not prevent the sour reek of the nearby decaying sea from penetrating.

He was sorry to be leaving the ship. The *Omega Wing* had been home for the two of them for almost four hundred solar days. True, there had been times when they had both wished they were *anywhere* else but prisoned in the sleek monofin craft - hours of boredom, sleeplessness, and the ever-present "cockpit nerves." But the *Wing* had never failed them, it had proven a warm and comfortable sanctuary in the eternal night of space. Now, however, it seemed abandoned, lifeless, and the moment ineffably sad.

"This is no time for sentiment," PEW grated, brushing past him. "I can't wait to be off this boat."

Sunheart remained where he was, feeling the solidity of his ship. His ship! The best modified scouter in the entire Galactic fleet. The techs would have the *Wing* refitted within hours: the ion drive pulled and checked out, solar vane settings calibrated, the in-space computer programs enhanced by new data.

He felt better, although his lungs still seemed on fire. Sweat was oozing from his pores – a perfectly normal reaction. The wind lashed his hair. Setting his eye lenses for maximum shade, he started to descend the ramp carefully. PEW was some distance below him, thumping downgear loudly.

◊ **we have company** ♦

The telepathic twang made him raise his heavy head.

A dark mass of men stood waiting at the bottom of the ramp: two rows of black-garbed Imperial Security Service agents sensodim rifles held against their armored chests in a vague approximation of salute. Visor-protected, eyeless, faceless, their presence seemed menacing in the blazing afternoon.

Their leader stamped forward. Unlike the rest, he carried only a short gray metal rod, whose crimson tip was blinking. The intricate, twining design of the House of Mord – the house of Nekron Corona, Lord-Commander of the Imperial Armada of Ilium Prime – was highly visible on his left shoulder, strangely, the youth noticed, the Sunheart crest was missing from his right. The name on his polished helmet read *SPAR 777 CPT (Maserman)*.

He cleared his throat as a cloud of dust rolled in upon them.

"Offworlders are required by the regulatories of Ilium Prime to present themselves for inspection. Your craft will be searched; illegal material – so defined by Federation laws – will be confiscated, and such charges as are deemed fit and

prudent will be rendered. Hand over your life reader and shipmaster's papers."

PEW veered toward the guardsmen, they had to break formation to get out of his path.

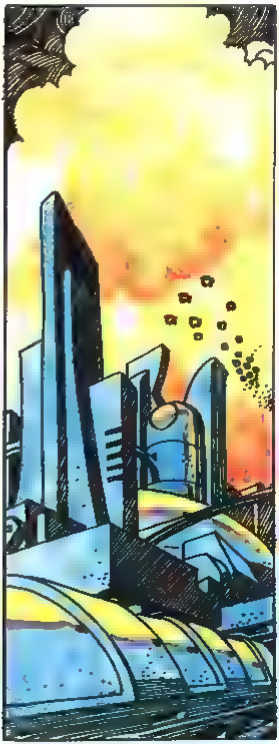
Smiling amiably, Flan spoke so softly that only the man facing him could hear

"Captain Spar, look at my pendant. It is the ancient design of the Sunhearts, who have been the guardians and servants of the Starcrown for more than five hundred years. By that law which you've just cited, you too should be wearing this symbol, for you stand in the service of Aidin Sunheart, lord of this planet and Adjudicator Imperex of the Whorl System. I am his son, and thus your potential ruler, and while it is not my habit to flaunt this fact of biological accident, nothing would give me greater pleasure at this moment than to see you flinching at my feet for your insolence! Is this the way you greet visitors to my father's world?"

Spar 777's lips began to quiver, his eyes showing barely restrained anger

"My Lord Corona has issued very specific orders concerning all arriving spacecraft..."

"And as we both know, my Lord Corona has aspirations to rule this planet. But first he must rule the Sunhearts, and this he does not do. So, in the name of your Emperor, my father, I rescind those orders. Have you anything further to say to me, Captain, before we melt in this heat? Form your men up while we wait for my escort."



The officer's jaw flexed, showing a hint of dark metal just beneath the dead skin where a graft had not healed properly. Slowly the man removed his glare-spex. *Weak eyes,* was Sunheart's first thought.

◊ **watch his hand** ♦ came PEW's warning.

Spar's fist rose, rod poised to strike.

"Don't!" Sunheart commanded.

Both figures stood tensed for one instant more, then Spar's eyes began to dart nervously about: his arm fell limply to his side (rod tip sparking against the landing grid), and he sagged, beaten, within his glossy leathers. Turning on his heel, he signaled for his men to form up while they waited for the screamcar bearing the Sunheart insignia to settle.

◊ **i will not forget this landing if i survive to two hundred . . : : something is not right here : there has not been this much security since the behemoth wars.** ♦

While the drivers were hoisting the warbot into the car's chilly interior, Sunheart paused to grin back at Spar. The maserman was speaking urgently into a voxbox. Shaking his head, the youth swung himself into the car. A copper-skinned girl with sea-green hair – a novice of the Far Sight sect – knelt before him, eyes lowered, proffering a vessel of precious water and a purple, gold-bordered towel. The doors hissed shut and the screamcar swept forward at top speed, soundless as an intake of breath. The *Omega Wing,* the black knot of figures, the

hovering Armada transports receded swiftly, were lost in the haze and glare.

And echoing the warbot's query, his own: *What is going on here?*

" – busy. Rouyn and I have been working with the Mords on the contracts for mining operations in the Glavas Crevasse. Though pi-gamma ore technically belongs to us, we've had to go through some fairly complex negotiations. . ."

◊ **switch me on when this is over .:. my circuits will not take this** ♦

PEW became motionless, activity indicators dimming.

Cradled in an observation bubble high above the teeming streets of Ilium Prime Flan Sunheart watched rivers of cobalt darkness flowing through the city canyons On all sides, the solar spires flashed blindingly gold and crimson as they turned to catch the final rays of the setting suns. But down in those vertiginous depths, it looked *cold*, almost alien.

Melancholy was sitting at his left shoulder again.

PEW, as usual, had the right idea, when things got too boring, the machine simply switched itself off, preferring instead the music of the spheres? blue noise? white silences?

Sunheart and his half-brothers – Rouyn and Oromocto – had been enduring each other's company while waiting for the processional to end. The evening's celebrations in honor of the Empress's birthday – his main reason for returning – had actually begun before noon and were only now reaching a peak.

Perhaps, he told himself as he sipped nearfoam – the goblet frosting to his touch – perhaps it was just the City itself and all the associations which it rekindled. He cherished no overfond memories of his Court upbringing, calling to mind instead those odd and interesting moments of training in the more esoteric matters of Empire – trench navigation, stellar cartography, and solidity transfer – which he had received from old Polonius Gaul, his father's most trusted counsellor.

A troupe of gravity gymnasts floated by, carrying a techtronic bead mosaic of his mother. It did feel *good* to be able to stretch out at full length on the undulant cushions, Flan thought as he let his heavy eyelids droop.

" – a small step in the Federation's study of colonization possibilities within the C-Quare system. . ." Oromocto was saying. The liquor actually scalded his throat, making him choke and his eyes water. *Not used to drinking either,* he thought ruefully. It seemed as if he had been listening to the accounts of his brothers' intrigues and manipulations for hours.

"Funny," Rouyn said during one of the many lulls in the conversation. "It's funny how you uncannily show up the same time every year with your tales and your treasures, to stay just long enough so you can ingratiate yourself with Father before you go flying off again."

"Yes – while we do the dirty work for you!" Oromocto added, disdainfully. "An easy way to gain the crown, it seems to me."

Flan smiled, his eyes still closed. He could well imagine the hostile expressions on both their faces. How they had changed since the last time he had seen them, he thought. Their hatred and jealousy toward him was apparent in every word and action. True, there had never been much love lost between them – he being Alidin Sunheart's only naturally-birthed child, but still he felt the ties of blood.

"I don't want the Starcrown," he answered in a quiet voice. "Fight for it between yourselves."

Suddenly the melodious tonals of the Sunheart carillon filled the air, enveloping the City in a cloak of sound that thrilled every listener with its majesty. Banks of light began to appear in the depths far below as the shift glass brightened to admit the last rays. Still visible through the haze off to the darkling east, clusters of Armada scoutcraft were coursing back and forth, track beams on, piercing the night with lances of smoking brilliance.

The brothers Sunheart rose together without another word and passed into the dining hall, leaving the warbot switched to repose faculty, awaiting its activation signal.

Flan looked around the lofty chamber for old Gaul. People were passing to and fro between the food-heaped tables and fluted columns, or dancing gaily past the immense representation of the Sunheart crest, fashioned from ruballoy and synthaflux. The royal banners looked somewhat frayed and faded; indeed, there was a certain air of *age*, of unwilling antiquity present in the chamber.

He moved through the noisy, laughing crowd. Luminous lips followed, pursing in a smile of sweet mischief when he did not turn around at the call of his name.

The hall overflowed with members of the Court: nobles old and new; plotters, scanners; crises wardens; terrain scientists and cortex projectors, alien entertainers; obese thinkers who could barely move about; gaunt-ribbed dandies, clerics from the four major religious sects and their counterparts – the Hedons and the Grimones, elegant samplers and tasters of life – all masked and gaudy, gathered in their iridescents to pay homage to the Empress, Geia Ineus Sunheart.

The Mords were conspicuous by their absence. There was, thankfully, no touch of austere black about the place.

And here was his mother, pale and etherealy beautiful, like some earthbound spirit, untouched by the years. She stepped down from the dais, the press of people bowing out of her path as she greeted her son in close embrace.

"Happy birthday, Mother..."

"You make it so by being here, my son."

" ...and Uncle PEW sends his regards also."

The Empress's laughter was as delicate as soft-falling rain. "I always said you two were the only ones who could stand each other's company. Extend to him my thanks, and inquire as to his – ah . . ."

They looked at each other and smiled.

"Health?" he offered the word, laughing.

"You look a little thin. Have you been taking your daily implant?"

"Yes, Mother – always."

"Flan!" said a vibrant, familiar voice, a voice he had listened in awe to many times in the Hall of Worlds as it issued decrees and weighed strategems, a voice which had reassured and guided him during the hazardous survival maneuvers Below, the first voice to fire his desire to explore those lamps in the nighttime sky.

All around him, people were kneeling; a hush fell over the throng. Turning, Flan beheld his father, Alidin Sunheart, resplendent in the rainbow robes of justice and power. Upon his temple rested the Starcrown, haloing his head in cold light; and against his bosom rested the Sunheart pendant, on which all the others were patterned.

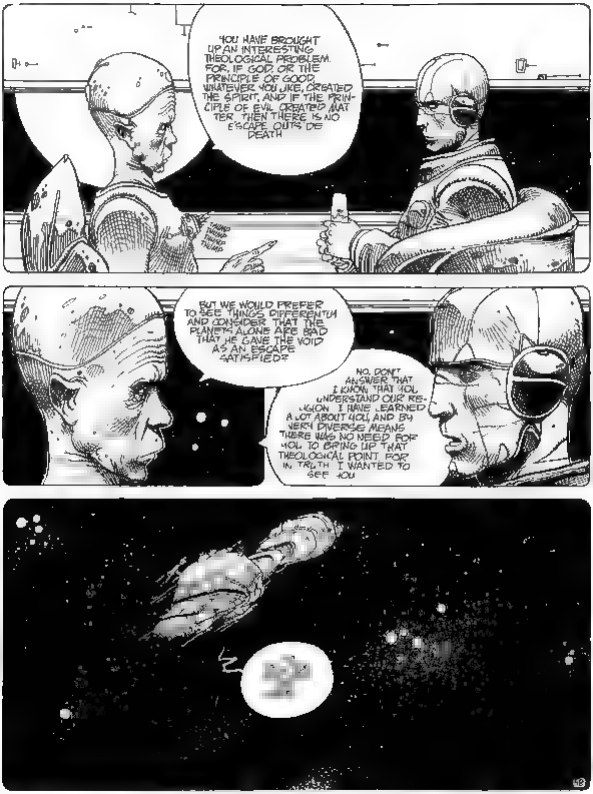
"My Lord, I bow to you."

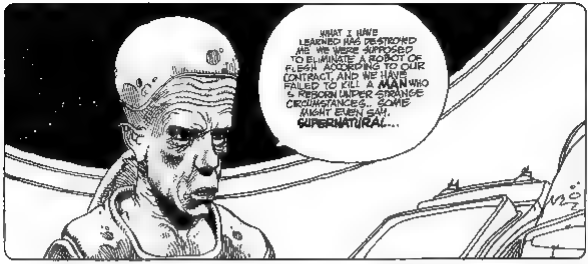
"Arise, my son, arise! Come with us to the table. Rouyn, Oromocto, clear a way for your brother!"

Muttering to themselves, they did as they were told.

to be continued

EXTERMINATOR 17.


YOU HAVE BROUGHT UP AN INTERESTING THEOLOGICAL PROBLEM. FOR, IF GOD OR THE PRINCIPLE OF GOOD, WHATEVER YOU LIKE, CREATED THE SPIRIT, AND IF THE PRINCIPLE OF EVIL CREATED MATTER, THEN THERE IS NO ESCAPE OUTS DE DEATH
THUMP THUMP THUMP
BUT WE WOULD PREFER TO SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY AND CONSIDER THAT THE PLANETS ALONE ARE BAD THAT HE GAVE THE VOID AS AN ESCAPE SATISFIED?
NO, DON'T ANSWER THAT I KNOW THAT YOU UNDERSTAND OUR RELIGION. I HAVE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT GOD AND BY WERI DIVERSE MEANS THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU TO BRING UP THAT THEOLOGICAL POINT. FOR IN TRUTH I WANTED TO SEE YOU


WHAT I HAVE LEARNED HAS DESTROYED ME. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO ELIMINATE A ROBOT OF FLESH ACCORDING TO OUR CONTRACT, AND WE HAVE FAILED TO KILL A MAN WHO IS REBORN UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES. SOMEONE MIGHT EVEN SAY, SUPERNATURAL...

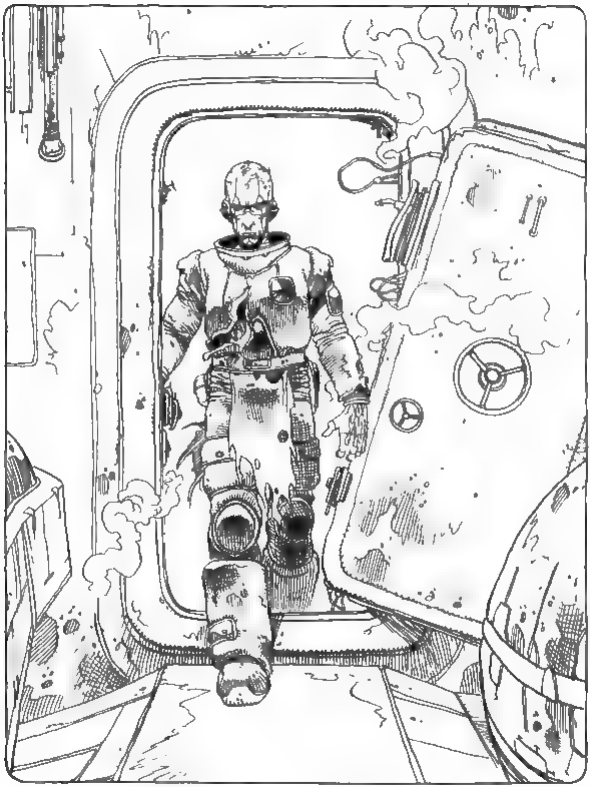
SO MY STORY IS KNOWN...

YES, THE ANDROIDS, WHO, LEARNED OF IT, ONE DOES NOT KNOW HOW, WERE EAGER TO SPREAD IT THROUGH THE UNIVERSE BUT WE OWE YOU AMENDS
THEN HELP ME TO LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS.

IMPOSSIBLE! THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY THE WORST MATTER BORN OF MATTER
YOU ARE WRONG. THEY ARE BORN OF THE SPIRIT OF MAN WHICH IS GOOD PERHAPS THEN ARE THE FIRST BEINGS WHO ESCAPED THE GRIP OF THE EVIL ONE
AN INTERESTING THEORY I LIKE RIDDLES. THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS THERE SOMEWHERE. GO ON, TRY TO PERSUADE ME. YOU HAVE AN HOUR. IF YOU SUCCEED, I'LL HELP YOU...

ON EARTH ON THE SIXTH LEVEL OF THE GREAT FORTRESS.
CONFIRMED MASTER! HE IS ABOARD THE MOTHER SHIP OF THE NEO-PURITANS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE WORLD PROTON!
WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR BEFORE KILLING HIM? UNTIL HE DISINTEGRATES THEIR SHIP?!!!
NO, WAIT! THE SIGNAL HAS DISAPPEARED!!!
AT LAST! EXTERMINATOR 17 IS NO MORE! NO MORE OF THE RIDICULOUS UNIFORM WHICH WAS SPREADING LIKE THE PLAGUE
MASTER! MASTER! HIS SIGNAL HAS JUST REAPPEARED TEN THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS FROM THERE, ON THE SURFACE OF GALAXA!
IMPOSSIBLE!

HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!
I'VE GOT HIM. HE'S JUST MATERIALIZED IN THE ALPHA ORBIT. NO, HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!
AMAZING! THE NOVAE REGION. ALPHA HE'S HEADED TOWARD US AND AT GREAT SPEED
BOOING

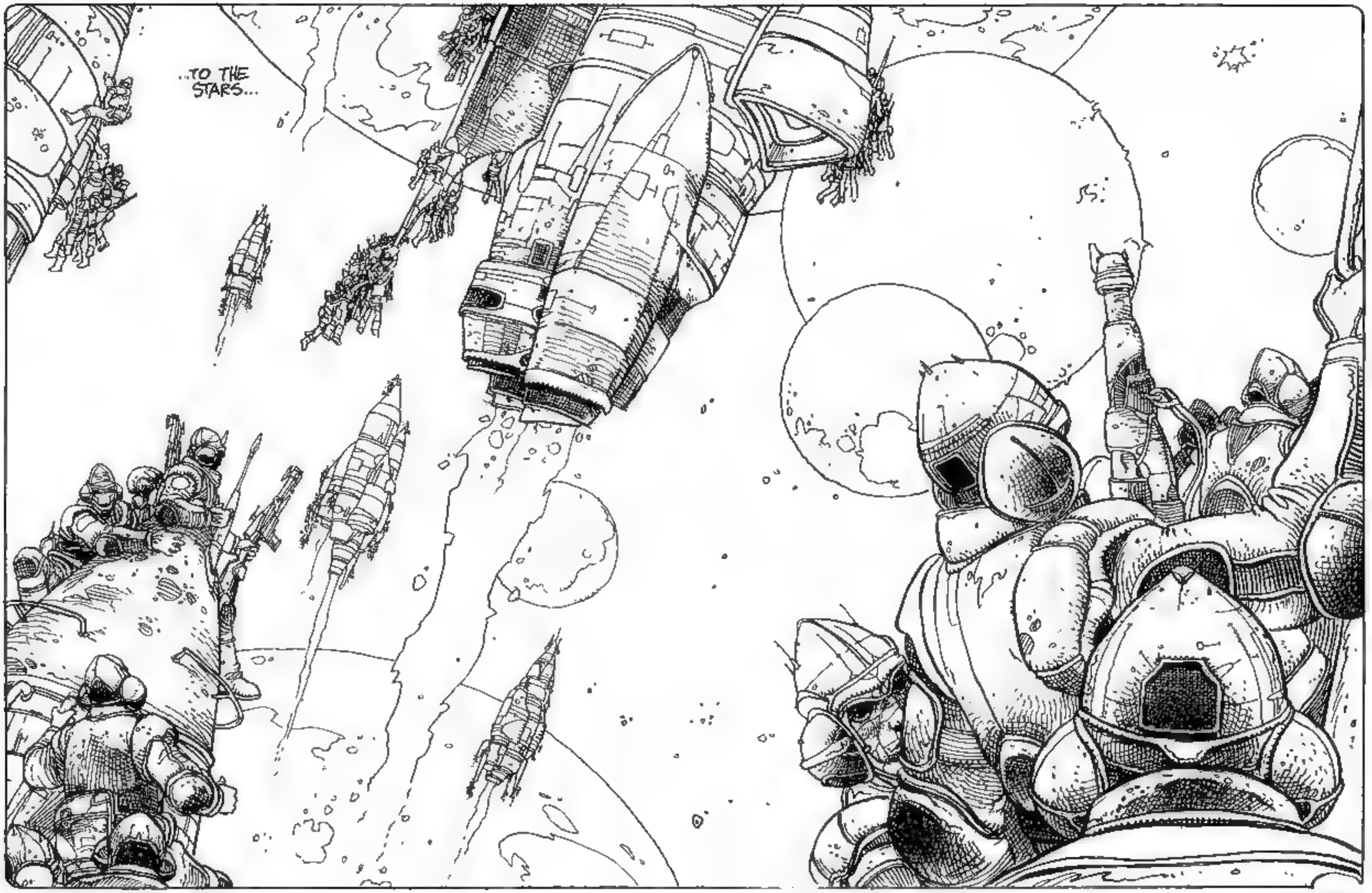


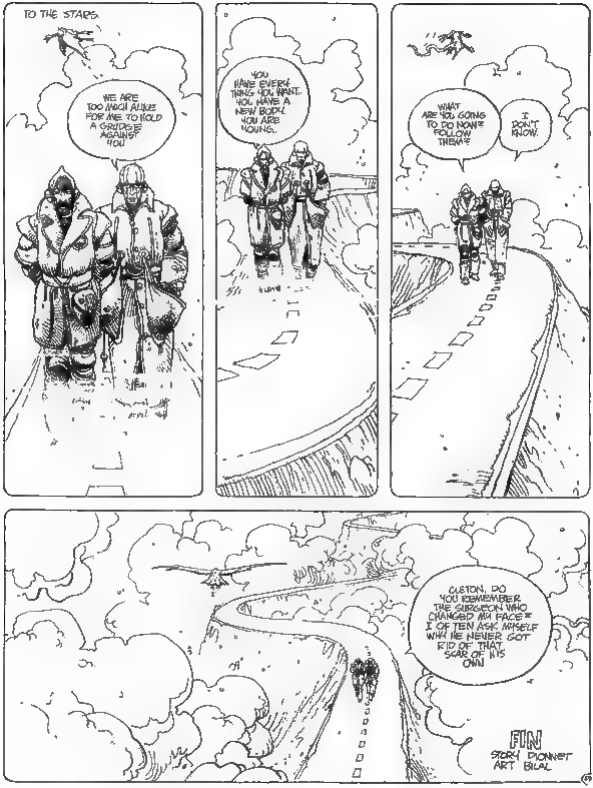
SEIZE HIM!
ARGH
GORPPP
LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS !!!

YOU ARE A FOOL! THERE ARE MANY OF US AND YOU ARE ALONE!
LIBERATE THE ANDROIDS !!!!
FOOL! YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT YOU ARE IN THE DEPTHS OF OUR GREATEST FORTRESS! OUT THERE THE SIGRID TOWER CONTAINS MORE ARMS THAN EXIST ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE!!!!
THE SIGRID TOWER? JUST LOOK AT YOUR SCREENS!
BUT ELIAS! IT'S IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!!

THE SIGRID TOWER HAS DISAPPEARED!!!
LEAVE ME ALONE WITH HIM!
CLETON ??
YOU KNOW I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF DYING I NEVER STOPPED ACQUIRING NEW THINGS. ONE DAY I REALIZED
THAT I HAD ACQUIRED A GOOD THIRD OF THE PLANET, THE MAJOR PART OF THE GREATEST FORTRESS AND THE CONTROL OF THE ANDROIDS.
37

DON'T FORGET THAT THE NEO-PURITANS ARE ON MY SIDE
I KNOW. WE COULD FIGHT, BUT BELIEVE ME, I HAVE NO DESIRE TO.
HENCEFORTH, THE ANDROIDS ARE FREE
WHATEVER YOUR REASONS ARE I THANK YOU.
GIVE THEM SOME ROCKETS AND THEY'LL FLY OFF TO THE STARS


..TO THE STARS...


TO THE STARS...
WE ARE TOO MUCH ALIKE FOR ME TO HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU.
YOU HAVE EVERY THING YOU WANT. YOU HAVE A NEW BODY. YOU ARE YOUNG.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW? FOLLOW THEM?
I DON'T KNOW.
CLETON, DO YOU REMEMBER THE SURGEON WHO CHANGED MY FACE? I OFTEN ASK MYSELF WHY HE NEVER GOT RID OF THAT SCAR OF HIS OWN
FIN
STORY DIONNET
ART BILAL

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bode's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel The Sword of Shannara, Harzak, and more. ($3.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet; Vugo, the cosmic maiden; Russian astronauts; Conquering Armies; the ultimate rock festival; white Harzak; Sunpot; and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben; Macedo's Rockabilia, the highly praised Sheik; the final chapter of Dave's World Apart; more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 7 pages of Harzak and more. Guy Sage, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nag Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal fetal anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the song, mus. dis. death, a duel, and the undead Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($3.00)

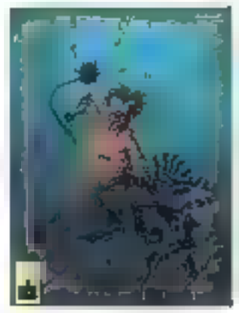
HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does Jim the Mad locate E. Dorado, goes to pecs on a bicycle, buys a cam-nabe-clock, time-travels, and generally tap-dances with Neo? Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. ($3.00)

HM #15/JUNE 1978: This time we go from Renaissance theatric new London Shahrazad, the neurotic Evolution, the ecstatic More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella and the heroic Thulsa Chanyuns. And an excerpt from Sabre and the origins of Hellman. ($3.00)

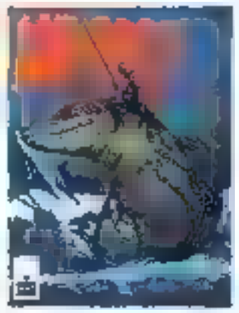
HM #16/JULY 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Hellman and Orion, More Than Human, part 3, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. ($2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST 1977: In which the saga of Poloynius Deglis, the only Romanesque cyberpunk, World Apart, and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, purple sex, and violence. ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Artists, cosmic cowboys, hysterical prehistory, chemically induced sanity, a Moebius quasi-opera, more World Apart, Den and Poloynius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3.00)



HM #7 OCTOBER 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation, and other harmless pastimes. 9 pages of more Moebius, the Art Light Garage, Den and Poloynius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

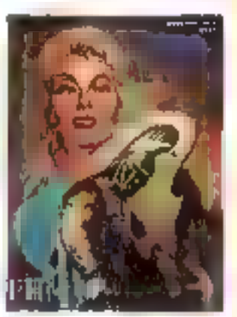


HM #8/NOVEMBER 1977: With nine total pages by Moebius and Ruebaud, the conclusion of Dalih Prison, and World Apart as bugs, interactive monsters, birth and dead stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story, "The Beginning Heavy Metal evil". ($3.00)

HM #17/AUGUST 1979: Looks like more of the same with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Neo-man, and the last More Than Human Except Druillet's Gail gets going again, the On-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. ($2.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1979: Starring Sindbad, the Sailor, Eadel, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Maja, a fiancee, two off-season detectives, Arzane, the Warrior, Hellman, Orion, and Lone Starr on Gail, Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. ($2.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER 1979: All Hallows' prelude with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty trials of dragons, a zombie android called Extinctinator, Erasmus's Quasi, Gobsmith illustrated, and the chapel of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of Rocks Sinclair, Gail, and Orion. ($2.00)



HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1979: A full 20-page excerpt on the Chaykin/Delany *Empire*, while Sandwich's dragon explores the Erasmuscope peoples, Sloane makes with the Sad Man deep space Chapel, almost too late, and Hellman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful, So Dangerous part two, and more Diabolical Plans! ($2.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER 1977: This time, we're up to 64 pages, a thing, for the complete saga of Dr. Droll, with new Vuga, a Harzak from Russia, encounters of the Two Kinds, plus Druillet's Gail by Bisley and Wein in addition to Den, Sunpot, and Harzak, continued. Plus contributions from legends Corben, Macedo, Cleveland, and Moebius. ($3.00)

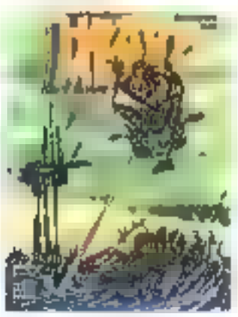
HM #10, JANUARY 1978: We go to Morrow in Australia, Zealenty, Wagner, Bob and Richard, to update dresses, we go to Moebius to do a Heavy Metal calendar girl, we conclude Vanque, Ng Armies, and continued Dan. Of course, you know about the lemons, log lights, and the lime wasp. ($3.00)

HM #11 FEBRUARY 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, ruled by her enemies and ruins by her friends, and on the Epochinis quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and centerspread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusade, and the Witch and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual Hits Den. ($3.00)

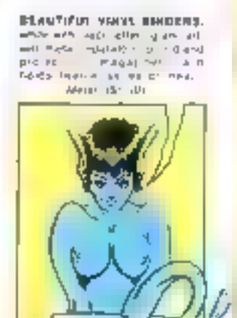
HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mutant and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the final swashbuckling episode of Orion, More Barbarella, More Urm. And also more Den. ($3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1979: Pitting the Easter Bunny, Dark Nite Times, and everything up Orion and Off Season with Druillet, Bisley, Wein, gravitating nerds, wraiths, and wraiths, cybernetic cretins, and a puzzle by you, a 12-page Moebius finisher yarn. ($2.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants for some reason. Plus our regular Taxi and a group and Gaia shoot-em-up. Plus Some decapitation, a space siren, and the ancient tales of the Shi. More Mckie and Corben. Whatta'ya want? ($2.00)



HM #23/FEBRUARY 1979: Our February arrives, feature the dream of the Sky of the Star Dreamer. We continue with Sandman and McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More Moebius and Bilal. Maneater beings vs. chauvinist lout of life in Metropolis 5, and by original demand, Galactic Gang wars. There's the story of a star-faced child and much, much more. ($2.00)



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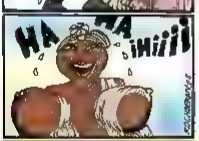

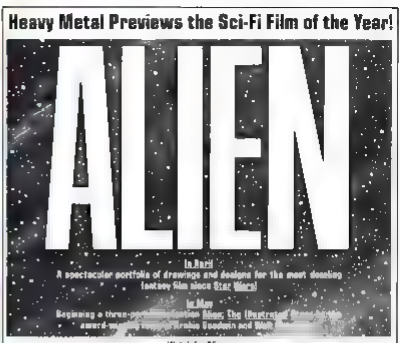
Heavy Metal Previews the Sci-Fi Film of the Year!
ALIEN
In April
A spectacular portfolio of drawings and designs for the most dazzling fantasy film since Star Wars!
In May
Beginning a three-part
award-w
Watch for Alien
A Brandywine-Ronald Shusett production
Produced by Gordon Carroll and David Giler
Directed by Ridley Scott
Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon, Walker Hill, and David Giler
Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett
From Twentieth Century Fox

Dear Heavies

No doubt you are by now the proud recipients of mail (parcels?) varying from praise to outrage, to submissions. Allow me to outline an experience lately related to your magazine.

Against all odds, I've been trying to get it on with a young woman, whom I'll call Marie. She is an artist in her spare time. Figuring the time was right to reveal about twenty facets of myself via the pages of *Heavy Metal*, showed her an issue, one with a lady on the cover. Thumbing through it quickly, she only caught glimpses of "Evolution," "Heilman," and Barbarella."

John, do you really like this?"

"Yes, very much."

"It's an X-rated comic book!"

Marie, I've never viewed it in this light."

"But, look at it! Sex is all you see!" Thus the point where my mind recoils through the many months of "Chain Mail" and the letters from the feminists. Yup, Marie was into the women movement.)

"Marie, look at this. Caustic, Geographic is a metabender. And a story by Ted Sturgeon. A cold gaze upped me off that Marie wasn't particularly into S.F. either.

Did I say artist before? Now, the guy's a painter, perhaps, but no artist. A mind so closed betrays itself. The guy is now convinced that I'm a pervert, and

You know, with a Kelly on the Editorial staff, I'm surprised I'm not seeing more Irish fantasy material. (Intergalactic potatoes?!)

John R. Calen
Holtsville, N.Y.

Dear Editors

You're right! Theodore Sturgeon certainly is more than human. I liked the story so much, I immediately ran out and bought the book. Thank you, oh thank you for exposing such a wonderful talk! Wise choice.

Bill Fiack
Westfield, N.J.

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY HAVEN'T HEARD OF THE LEGENDARY ARMOURED ASSASSINS?! YOU'RE CONDEMNED TO BE FUGITIVES, SCURRYING FROM SHADOW TO SHADOW FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS
A MOMENT'S PLEASURE, AN ETERNITY OF TORMENT. YAWN. WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
MAIS C'EST NORMAL. THE BASIS OF EXISTENCE IS SHEER TERROR
OSCAR WILDE TOO WELL
YARRA
CALM DOWN!
SOCIAL CLIMBERS IN SPACE
I WANT HER ALIVE
SOLARA

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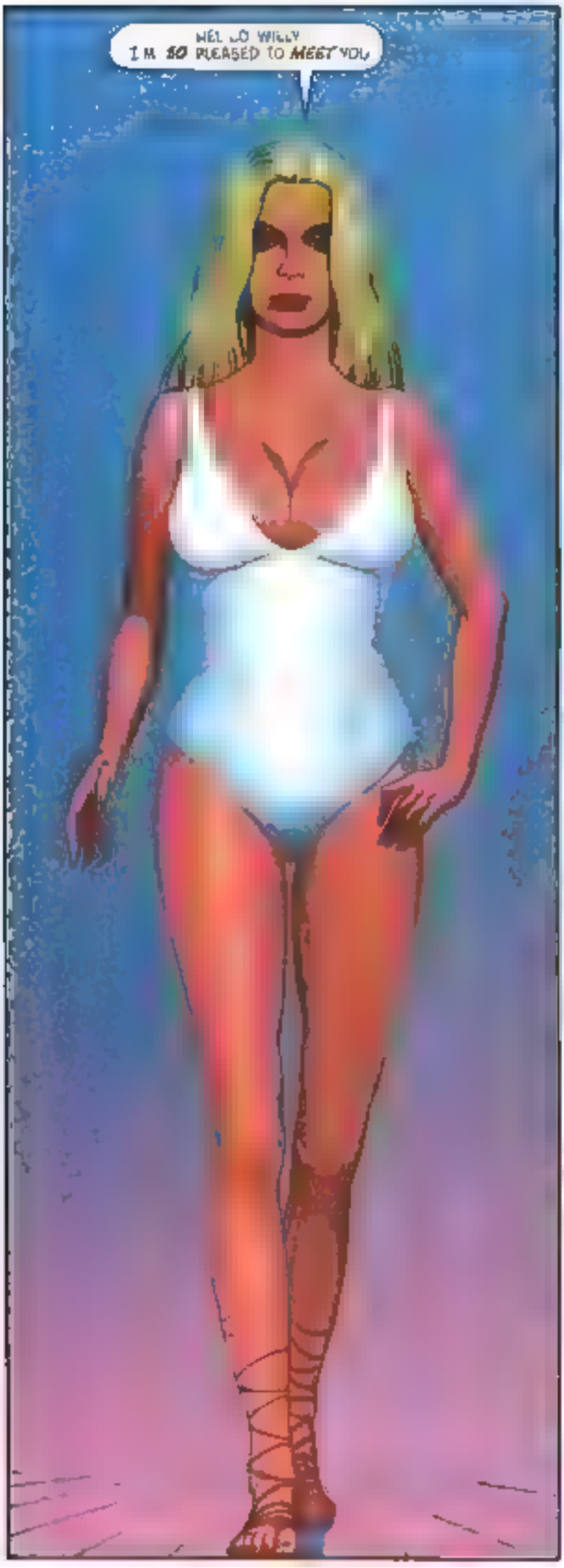
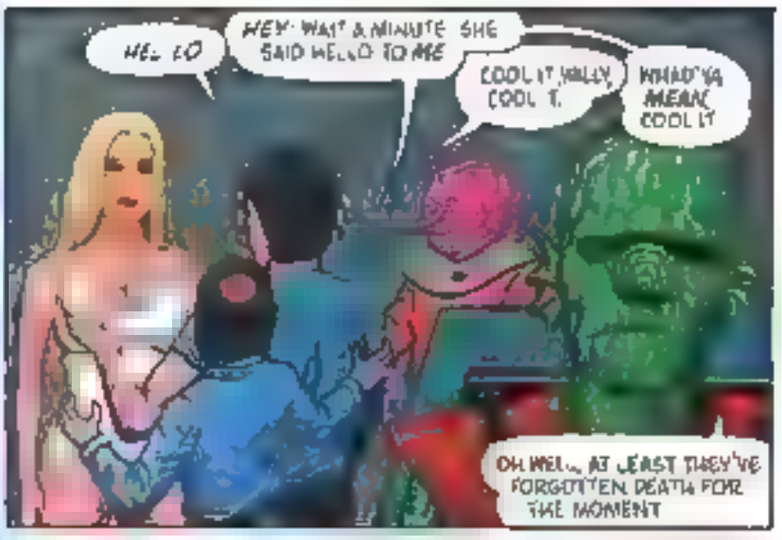
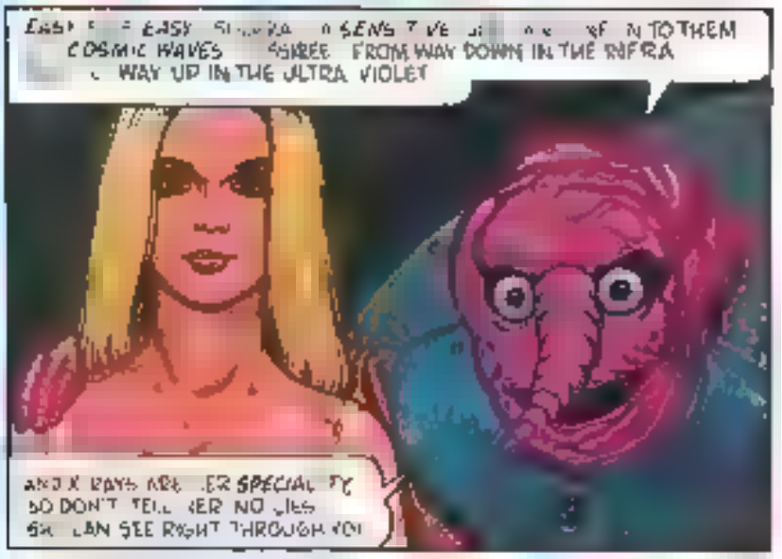
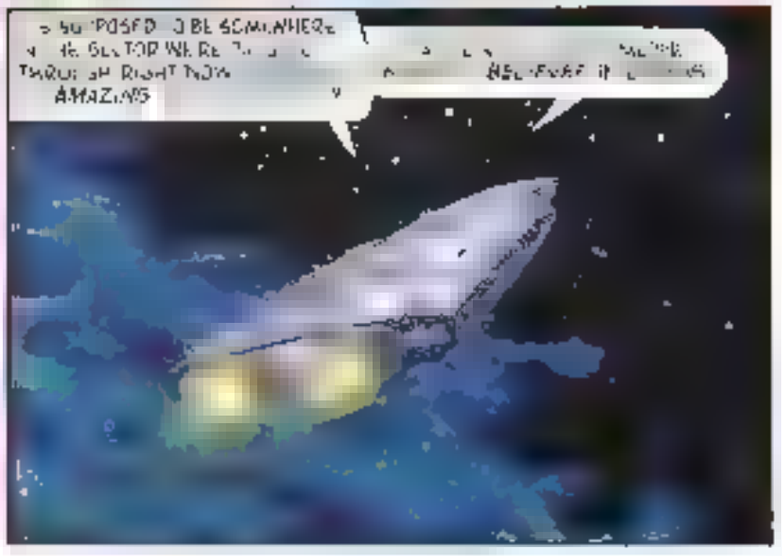
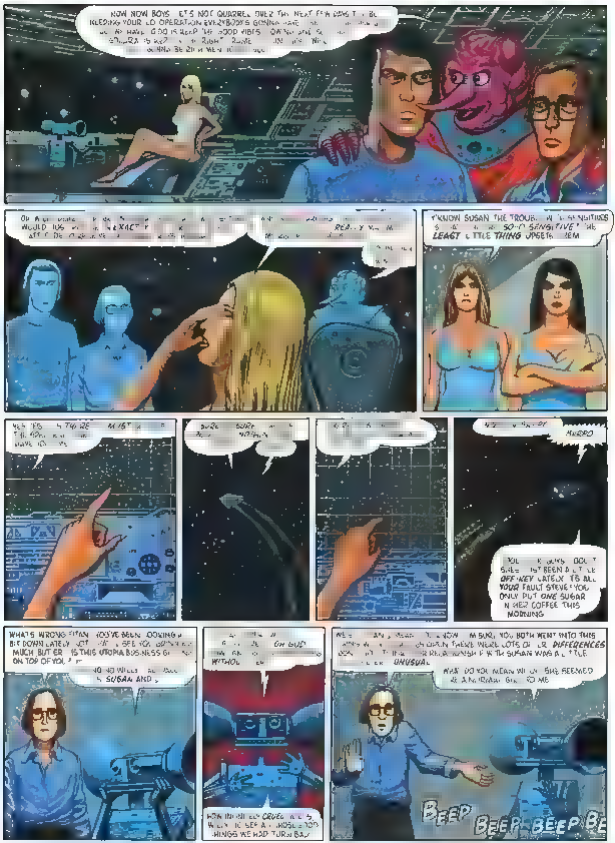

HELLO WILLY
I'M SO PLEASED TO MEET YOU


HELLO
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE SHE SAID HELLO TO ME
COOL IT WILLY, COOL IT.
WHAD'YA MEAN, COOL IT
OH WELL, AT LEAST THEY'VE FORGOTTEN DEATH FOR THE MOMENT

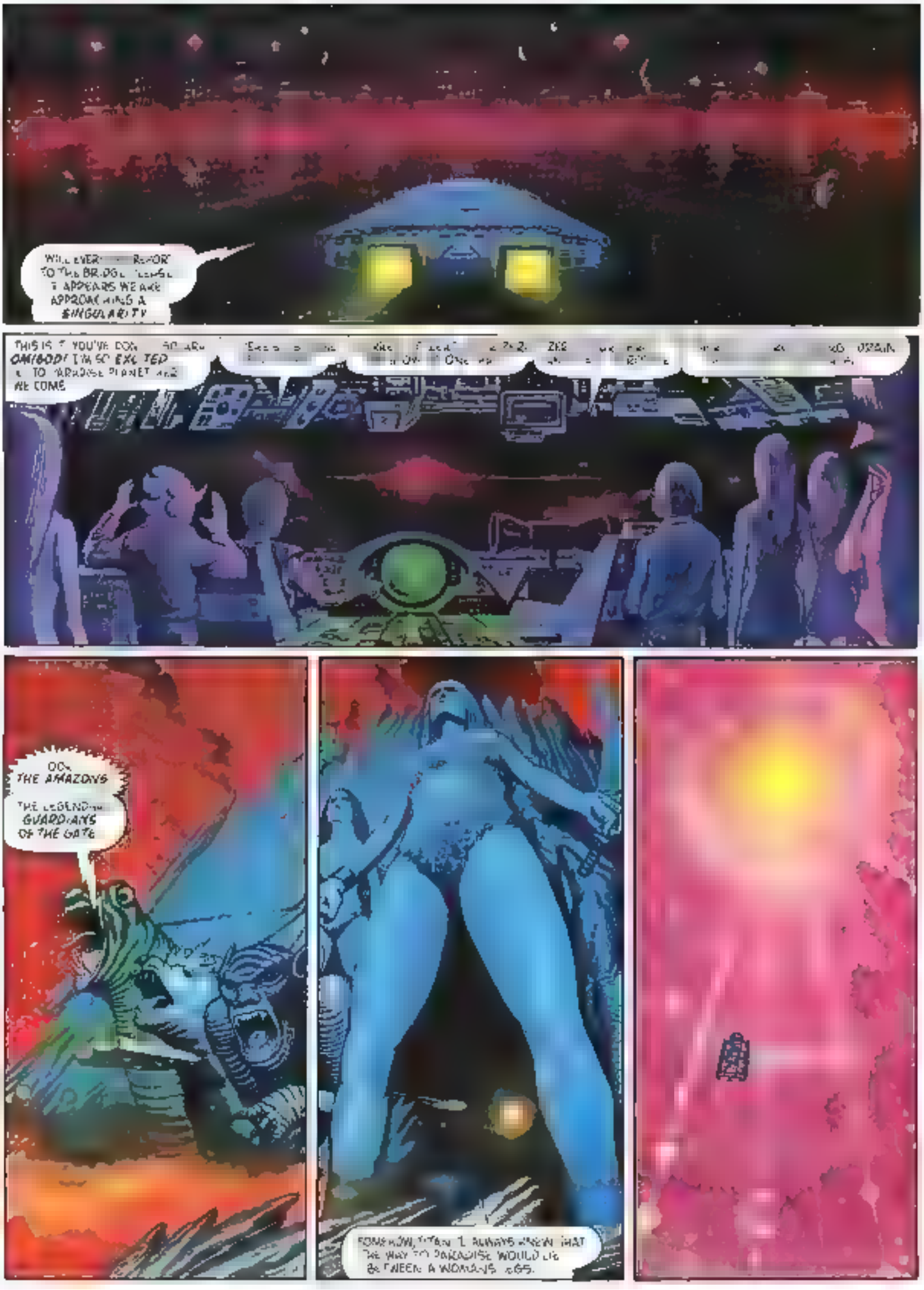

COSMIC WAVES
AND X RAYS ARE SPECIAL TO
SO DON'T TELL HER NO LIES
SHE CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU

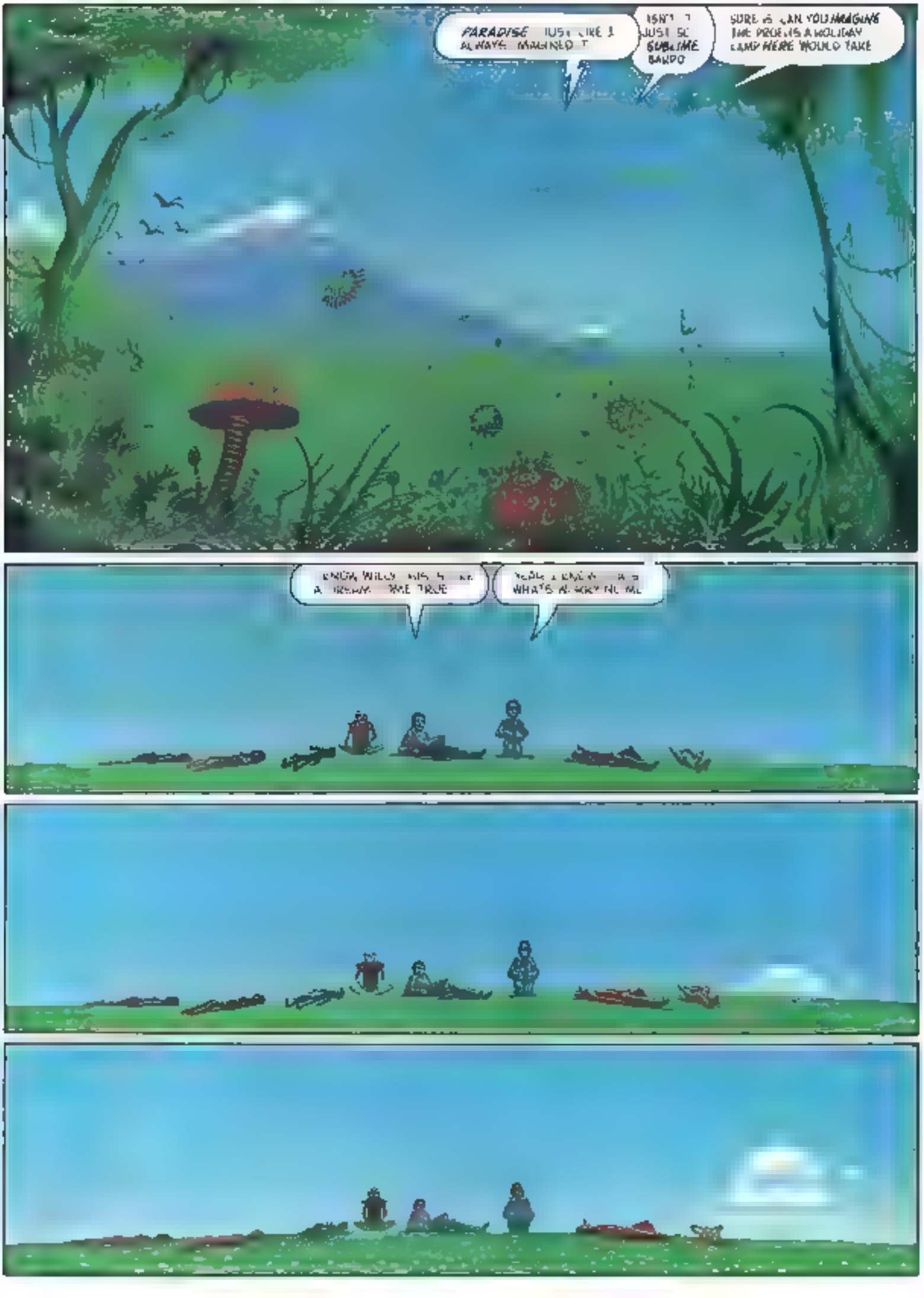
NEVER HEARD OF CEL TO
OF COURSE YOU AIN'T EVERYONE'S SO THAT'S IT SOLARA IS
YEP! SHE'S GOING TO FIND IT FOR ME


AMAZING



NOW NOW BOYS LET'S NOT QUARREL OVER THE NEXT FEW DAYS [illegible] KEEPING YOUR [illegible] OPERATION EVERYBODY'S GONNA HAVE [illegible] WE [illegible] HAVE TO DO IS KEEP THE GOOD VIBES [illegible] RIGHT [illegible] GONNA BE RICH MEN [illegible]
OH [illegible] WOULD YOU [illegible] EXACT [illegible]
[illegible] REALLY [illegible]
[illegible]
Y'KNOW SUSAN THE TROUBLE WITH SENSITIVES [illegible] SO-O SENSITIVE THE LEAST LITTLE THING UPSETS THEM
YES [illegible] MUST [illegible] HAVE [illegible]
SURE SURE [illegible] WITHIN [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] MEDRO
YOU [illegible] DON'T [illegible] SHE'S JUST BEEN A LITTLE OFF-KEY LATELY. IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT STEVE! YOU ONLY PUT ONE SUGAR IN HER COFFEE THIS MORNING
WHAT'S WRONG ETHAN YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING A BIT DOWN LATELY NOT [illegible] SEE YOU [illegible] MUCH BUT ER IS THIS UTOPIA BUSINESS GETTING ON TOP OF YOU [illegible]
[illegible] NO NO WELL [illegible] IS SUSAN AND [illegible]
[illegible] OH GOD [illegible] WITHOUT [illegible]
HOW INFINITELY CRUEL [illegible] TO SEE ALL THOSE GOOD THINGS WE HAD TURN BAD
WELL [illegible] I KNOW I'M SURE YOU BOTH WENT INTO THIS [illegible] THERE WERE LOTS OF [illegible] DIFFERENCES [illegible] RELATIONSHIP WITH SUSAN WAS A LITTLE [illegible] UNUSUAL
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WILL SHE SEEMED [illegible] A NORMAL GIRL TO ME
BEEP
BEEP BEEP BE


WILL EVER[illegible] REPORT TO THE BRIDGE. [illegible] IT APPEARS WE ARE APPROACHING A SINGULARITY
THIS IS [illegible] YOU'VE DONE [illegible] OMIGOD! I'M SO EXCITED [illegible] TO PARADISE PLANET AND WE COME
OH, THE AMAZONS
THE LEGENDARY GUARDIANS OF THE GATE
FOR NOW, TITAN, I ALWAYS KNEW THAT THE WAY TO PARADISE WOULD LIE BETWEEN A WOMAN'S LEGS.


PARADISE JUST LIKE I ALWAYS IMAGINED IT
ISN'T IT JUST SO SUBLIME SANPO
SURE IS CAN YOU IMAGINE THE PRICE IS A HOLIDAY CAMP HERE WOULD TAKE
WHAT'S ALWAYS NEVER

STEVE
YEAH, WILL?
HAVE YOU EVER HAD THAT FEELING YOU'RE BEING WATCHED?
THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMM

WORM BE
BOMB!
THE EL TE
TO BE CONTINUED

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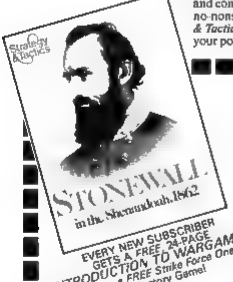

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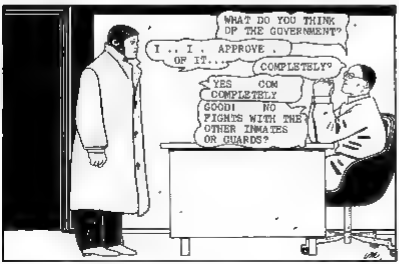
1996

... NEXT!

IT'S COMING ALONG WELL. A VERY NICE SCAR. YOU CAN PUT YOUR CAP BACK ON

I SEE YOU SIGNED ALL THE DOCUMENTS YOU WERE GIVEN NO REGRETS?
N NO SSS SI SIR . NO REGRETS


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE GOVERNMENT?
I .. I . APPROVE . OF IT...
COMPLETELY?
YES COM COMPLETELY
GOOD! NO FIGHTS WITH THE OTHER INMATES OR GUARDS?

OH! . NO S S SIR NO . NO... FIGHTS!

GOOD!... DO YOU STILL FEEL WE WERE WRONG TO MAKE YOU SUBMIT TO THIS OPERATION?
OH!... N... NO... S... S... SIR... I DON'T THINK THAT NO MO... MORE...
GOOD... YOU'RE FINE!... HOLD ON TO YOUR RELEASE SLIP... YOU ARE NOW READY TO FIND YOUR PLACE IN SOCIETY...
NEXT!
WHARE YU GOWIN? LEEVIN?
YES... I I HAVE... MY... SLIP!...
52
LEE MEEYULONE! YU GOD NO RIDE!
?
AWRIDE! SHADDAP!

CENTER FOR IDEOLOGICAL REEDUCATION MINISTRY OF HEALTH
... MY... MY PLACE... IN SOCIETY...
47
MY PLACE...

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